

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 2,339, Vol. 90.

25 August, 1900.

6d.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE | | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---|------|--|------|----------------------------------|------|
| NOTES OF THE WEEK | 225 | MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES (continued): | | VERSE: | |
| LEADING ARTICLES: | | Early Florentine Painting. By Herbert | | The Loom of Dreams. By Arthur | |
| The Rescue and After | 229 | P. Horne | 237 | Symons | 240 |
| The New King of Italy | 230 | CORRESPONDENCE: | | REVIEWS: | |
| The Failure of the Paris Exhibition | 231 | The Chinese Settlement | 238 | French Poets of To-day | 240 |
| Lord Wolseley's Censure | 232 | The Shanghai Settlements | 238 | A Century of Alps | 240 |
| MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES: | | Secondary Schoolmasters. By A. G. | | The Decay of Tragedy | 241 |
| English Railway Development: II. | | Munro | 239 | Index Locorum | 243 |
| The London and North-Western | 233 | Our Navy. By Agnes E. Weston | 239 | Church History | 243 |
| By the Canal | 234 | Sir Walter Scott and Waverley Abbey. | | Leicester Records | 244 |
| Hypnotism | 235 | By Arthur Hart | 239 | FOUR NOVELS | 245 |
| | | Bees and the Heat. By J. B. Crompton | 239 | NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS | 245 |
| | | | | FRENCH LITERATURE | 246 |

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The capture of Peking with the relief of the Legations closes one act, though by no means the last, in the Chinese drama. The great objective which, in its urgency and intensely human appeal, threw all others at least temporarily into the background, has been secured. The arch horror, which has hung so oppressively over the civilised world for now many weeks, has been averted though not without much suffering and the loss of many lives. Still so far the air is cleared and the situation lightened. The next duty awaiting the Allies is that of punishment and correction; then will come the most difficult task of all, that of reconstruction. For the moment, that is delayed since the ringleaders of the anti-foreign persecution are not yet in our power; and it would be idle to attempt anything in the way of construction until they have been secured and punished. The massacre having been averted, there will be no need to adopt measures of so drastic a nature as the destruction of the city. In this world we have to reckon with acts not with intentions. Had the deed been actually committed, the Chinese people would have known of it; and it would have been necessary to impress them with its consequence. As it is, however guilty the Chinese Government may have been in its intentions, the people as a whole will know nothing of these intentions, so that punishment disproportionate to crime actually committed would miss its mark.

Much as we must all rejoice at the results attained thus far, it is impossible not to remember, certainly Governments cannot help remembering, with uncomfortable misgivings, that the realisation of these immediate objects, as to which there has been no room for doubt or division, only brings us nearer to another phase which leaves as little room for agreement. If it is difficult to quarrel in the presence of death, it is very easy to do so over a rich and prostrate foe. The restraining influence is daily weakening. The military failure of the Chinese, the further demonstration that they are not a fighting people, can hardly fail to suggest the feasibility of their exploitation. And if resistance

cannot come from within, the future of China must depend on the question whether the Powers will devote their energies each to keeping the others out or each to getting itself in. The situation is an ugly one. A country that has wealth and cannot fight surrounded by others that want wealth and can fight: the historian will say that such a situation is easily diagnosed. Nor will it be helped, rather it will be very seriously aggravated, if the present Emperor of China cannot be discovered. With him, at any rate a very respectable fiction can be set up, a fiction that would wear well enough for some considerable time. Without him, to adopt a homely proverb, the fat is in the fire.

The German semi-official telegram received from Shanghai on the 17th announcing that the allied troops had entered Peking and relieved the Ministers was not universally believed in London, being based only on "an apparently trustworthy Chinese report." But on the next day all doubt was set at rest by the publication by the Admiralty of a telegram from Rear-Admiral Bruce, saying, "Peking captured August 15. Legations safe. Details follow." A Russian official telegram of the 17th states that Peking was entered on the 14th. The details promised by Admiral Bruce have come in a telegram from Sir A. Gaselee dated from Peking on the 15th inst. The English force entered the Chinese city by S.E. gate almost without opposition. Certain troops having been detailed to take the Temple of Heaven, the rest made straight for the Legations, which were entered about 3 P.M. We are however yet without a connected story of the operations as a whole. But it seems clear that the Chinese made considerable opposition and then withdrew into the Forbidden City, which the allies bombarded. On the 22nd inst. the Admiralty published a telegram from Rear-Admiral Bruce, announcing that the allies are reported to have entered the Sacred City of Peking on August 17; but this has not been officially confirmed. It is, however, an entirely probable report; for the inner city has no special means of defence, and with the Emperor, the Dowager-Empress, and Tuan fled, there would be no sufficient stimulus to cause Chinese troops or "Boxers," who had failed entirely to defend the outer cities, to make a great stand at the Imperial Palace.

The defenders of the Legations and the relieving forces have already and most properly received congratulations and honours from their respective govern-

ments and sovereigns. No men have ever done so fearful a duty more nobly. The Queen has sent a message to the officer commanding the Royal Marine Guard of Peking and the Tsar has decorated General Linevitch, in command of the Russian relief contingent, with the Order of S. George. The Germans and French were unable to congratulate their respective contingents on the capture of Peking, as they unfortunately did not get there. Had the very swelling phrases affected by the German Emperor in his address of welcome to Count Waldersee and the officers of his staff been applied to those who had done something, who had defended or relieved the Legations, they would appear less foolish. As it was, their infelicity was only equalled by the ill-placed flattery of the Tsar, which, to judge by the Russian press, was not at all appreciated. Nor is it the more excusable, if meant only as a rhetorical device to heighten by contrast the effect of the studied omission of all reference to England, the only other Power beside Russia which has a really great stake in China. In all this it seems rather strange that one hears so little of the Ministers themselves. Of one thing we may be sure. The defence of the British Legation has owed much to Sir Claude Macdonald's personality. It seems providential that our diplomatic representative should also have been an experienced military officer.

The main interest of this week's war news centres round De Wet. Having managed to elude his pursuers by the usual Boer trick of breaking up his force into small bodies, he turned up once more between Rustenburg and Commander's Nek, and on the evening of the 17th sent an amusing message to General Baden-Powell demanding his surrender. He then appears to have attempted to get away eastward but finding his road barred he has, Lord Roberts believes, doubled back towards the Orange River Colony. He is returning apparently with a force of not more than 300 and he will find that four or five thousand of the men he left are on their way to Ceylon. In other directions the record is not unsatisfactory. Colonel Hore's post at Elands River was relieved by Lord Kitchener on the 16th with little loss. General Ian Hamilton's column has been making good progress. On the 17th he occupied Oliphant's Nek in the Magaliesberg, and there he captured two guns and some waggons. He has now crossed the Crocodile, and continues his march in a north-easterly direction. General Baden-Powell was sharply engaged with Grobler's force on the 21st, the enemy being driven back with heavy loss. The end of the war still seems remote.

Lord Roberts' proclamation, imposing severer penalties on the violation of the oath of neutrality, and announcing a generally severer military régime, comes none too soon. We pointed out the need of such a step last week, and one cannot help feeling how advantageous it would have been, had the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa taken this view very much earlier. It is now many months ago that Sir Alfred Milner, writing with all the responsibility of his South African experience, urged Lord Roberts to establish a military camp at Bloemfontein, where all burghers who had taken the oath of neutrality might be sent. Sir Alfred knew the Boer and warned the British commander that the burghers would take the oath and if allowed to get away would again serve against us, whether voluntarily or under Boer compulsion. Exactly what has happened over and over again.

Hans Cordua has been found guilty by the Military Court at Pretoria of breaking his parole and conspiring to kidnap Lord Roberts and his staff. The supreme penalty for the offence is death, which, it is reported, has now been passed after reference to Lord Roberts. Two things were made clear in the course of the trial. First, as Lord Roberts has said, the plot was clumsily conceived; second, the policy of leniency was responsible for the attempt to go on with it. Confronted by Dutoit with the possibility of discovery, Cordua replied in effect "What does it matter? Discovery means nothing worse than banishment to Ceylon." If the scheme succeeded, Europe would at last be staggered:

if it failed, the lightness of the anticipated punishment made the risk involved worth running. The imposition of the death sentence will no doubt prove a surprise to the convict's friends, but the Boers who have watched the trial can hardly fail to be impressed by the scrupulous impartiality which marked the proceedings.

The "treasonable correspondence" discovered at Bloemfontein and mentioned on several occasions in the House of Commons has now been published by the Government. With the exception of Dr. Clark's letters to President Kruger and General Joubert, the correspondence is of no great importance and inculpates no one very seriously. There is no need to consider Mr. Labouchere's contribution to this dossier, for it does not matter what he says or writes. His letter to Mr. Chamberlain, who whatever his defects is one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State, is, of course, insolent and vulgar; but what can you expect? Some amusement however may be got from his assumption of power to commit the Liberal party. The Opposition is in a bad way, we know, but it is hardly reduced to that. Dr. Clark's letters are serious, for in advising Mr. Kruger how to act to England's greatest harm, at a time when he was satisfied that war was inevitable, he was acting treasonably, in spirit if not technically in law, and the House will have to take cognisance of these letters. We desire in this connexion to express our view that no blame attaches to Mr. Harold Spender for the part attributed to him by Mr. White, the Boer agent, as explained by Mr. Spender himself. Mr. Spender is a pro-Boer by conviction, and that he should try to get the best terms for the Boers by advising Mr. Kruger's acceptance of the Commission seems to us to his credit rather than to his discredit. To suggest that Mr. Spender was not justified in discussing the situation with the Boer agent in his professional capacity is simply ridiculous.

Many newspapers have attempted to point the moral of this correspondence by suggesting that it stiffened the President's back by the hope it held out of political support in England, thus inducing the famous ultimatum. But the point is a false one, for the letters are dated in the last week of September and could not have reached the Transvaal until after hostilities had commenced. The causes of war lie deeper than that; and this correspondence was not even its occasion. If we wanted to find an occasion, we might rather point to the celebrated "rapprochement" dinner in Pretoria, a function held at the time when efforts were being made to bring together the leaders of the mining industry and the Transvaal Government. Dr. Leyds and Mr. Smuts were both present. Even then, months before the outbreak, Dr. Leyds declared war to be inevitable; for, he said, the President would not make the concessions England wanted and England would not renounce the suzerainty. Moreover, the English would take Johannesburg and Pretoria, but the war would not end there. In that Dr. Leyds showed himself a good prophet. It is a pity he should have spoilt his prophetic record by his subsequent assurances to the Continental Press that the Boers would win all along the line.

The Cape Treason Bill has been read a second time by a majority of nine votes—47 to 38. This is a satisfactory result, if we take into consideration the total number of the Cape House of Assembly. Mr. Schreiner's section followed him loyally with the exception of two members. It is thus pretty clear that the present Cape Government can count on a fair working majority; for nothing is likely to turn up in the course of the session that will put so great a strain on the allegiance of the loyal Afrikaners as the Treason Bill. Mr. Sauer's motion for an address to the Queen praying her to intervene and stop the war, though a clever device, will hardly be so difficult to resist as some of the amendments to the Treason Bill. Such a petition is so obviously idle, so plainly impractical, that it would not be very difficult to explain even to pro-Boer constituents that to vote for it would be merely obstructive and dilatory. Obstruction is of course the object of Mr. Sauer and his friends, but that is a party game which, while it is often very attractive to politicians, seldom commends itself to the electing

people, when once they have been made aware of what is going on. On the whole, we think that Sir Gordon Sprigg may face the future with equanimity.

The military hospital difficulty is likely to assume a new aspect if the Indian troops are detained long in China. Medical aid to native soldiers is supplied by the Indian Medical Service. This is almost a necessity. Such aid would be less effective and less welcome if rendered by doctors unacquainted with the language or habits of their patients, especially in cases where caste scruples might arise. It is doubtful whether the service is strong enough to stand this fresh strain of foreign service. It could not undertake the task without detriment to other interests which have an earlier and stronger claim upon it. The sphere of activity of the Indian Medical Service is not confined to military duties. It has also to supply civil surgeons and professors for all India, while the organisation of both the medical and sanitary departments is in its hands. There is little hope that the difficulty can be met by the exhausted device of cancelling and refusing leave. Nor is the threatened appeal to retired officers likely to produce many efficient men. When the British Army Medical Department is reorganised, the Imperial Government will have to support a special Indian section if the Indian army is to be treated as an Imperial Eastern Reserve.

Though not so isolated from the outer world as Peking in a state of siege, yet the Amir at Kabul has always been the victim of rumours which gain currency if not belief. The dates of his violent death would fill an obituary column of the "Times" and his reported eccentricities would supply the inhabitants of a county asylum. Every kafila that comes down the Khyber or the Kurram seems to pack up a story or two of the Amir along with its grapes and assa foetida. Accordingly the last story—that he is collecting an army to invade Russian territory and levy war on the Tsar—may safely be sent to the limbo where so many inventions have preceded it. The Amir is a prudent man and, perceiving a great conflagration at the bottom of his street, he may naturally be anxious to see that his own house is secured. The fire is a good way off but there is much inflammable matter between him and it. Moreover military activity in Afghanistan is the natural sequence of a movement of Russian forces to Khusk. Had not Russia her hands full elsewhere, the present rumour would more likely be a prelude to Russian than to Afghan aggression.

Experience warns the British investor to beware of Colonial budget statements, especially when cabled at length to Europe with an obvious eye to money market susceptibilities. But when all allowances are made it is impossible not to feel that both New Zealand and Cape Colony are to be congratulated on their annual balance sheets. It is a surprise to find that the Cape deficit amounts to no more than £69,000 and that the estimates for the coming year show a small surplus. Only the severest retrenchment can have accomplished so much. New Zealand's progress is truly astonishing. The income of the colony exceeds the estimate by a third of a million sterling, while the realised balance is £605,000. That is a record which will prepare the market at home for a favourable consideration of the loan in contemplation. In the past year the public debt of New Zealand has been increased by nearly a million, of which some two-thirds have been spent in productive works. Though New Zealand has not joined the Australian Commonwealth, the colony does not take a provincial view of its responsibilities. It is looking forward to welcoming back the gallant fellows who have been fighting for the Empire in Africa, it is anxious to advance the cause of preferential tariffs within the Empire and points proudly to the fact that on the first of January next it will be the pioneer in Australasia of universal penny postage.

A recent copy of the "New York Herald" contains a remarkable despatch from its correspondent at Manila. As he says, it is of course extremely difficult to acquire a comprehensive view of present conditions

in the Philippines, the American forces being very much scattered. A compact body of troops can go anywhere and rout a particular band of insurgents. This is on the surface and supplies just ground enough for the official assurance that the islands are "pacified." According to the wiseacres at headquarters a few robber bands are still roaming about the country which is otherwise rapidly settling down. The real facts are that the towns are in the hands of the Americans and organised resistance on a large scale is at an end, but directly a small force goes outside the fortified area the jungles are alive with riflemen and the new mode of conflict is more to be dreaded than the old one. It is now admitted by the most capable American officers serving in Luzon that the "rebels" have still at least 20,000 Mauser rifles at their command. Of the rifles that have been captured a very small proportion appear to be Mausers. In the north four "Generals" still seem to be active and 9,000 American troops are watching them. There are 33,000 American troops holding the centre of the island in isolated garrisons and 6,000 in the south.

The conduct of the American troops appears to be rapidly degenerating under the influence of the climate and semi-savage warfare. In one case we hear of an officer instructing an outpost to fire a volley every half hour. Surely one of the most extraordinary military commands ever issued! When Albaz was taken the outposts fired on everyone who tried to enter the town and the commanding officer told the natives "there were no amigos." It is not surprising after this to learn that "the people show no trustworthiness and even try to impede American schemes for their benefit." Sullen indifference characterises the occupied towns, and "it is doubtful if they hated the Spaniards as they hate the Americans." There was of course some racial tie between the Filipinos and their former rulers, but after a two years' occupation it is almost impossible to find an American who speaks a single native dialect. The insurgents have organisations collecting taxes on their behalf which get in a good deal more money than the regular administration when such is in force. There can be no doubt that the promulgation of such facts as these is beginning to sink into the electors' minds and cause the Republican managers serious misgivings.

At a moment when affairs in the Far East are in a state of solution Europe contemplates the complications threatened in the Near East with more than customary concern. Bulgaria and Roumania are preparing for war, and if Roumania does not strike, she will hold her hand solely out of deference to the Great Powers. Russia and Austria have interests in the Balkan Peninsula which would be jeopardised by a conflict, and the only way to prevent entanglements between themselves is to insist that the minor states settle their differences without resort to arms. Austro-Russian action will probably resolve itself into coercion of Bulgaria. Sofia has for long been the centre of an agitation maintained by the Macedonian Committee which aims at the appropriation of Turkish territory. Subjects of Roumania resident in Bulgaria have been blackmailed in support of the movement, and when blackmail was no longer possible or safe have, in the euphemism of such organisations, been removed. There seems little room for doubt that Roumania has a good case against Bulgaria, and is prepared to exact retribution for an intolerable series of outrages.

The Austrian Emperor's seventieth birthday, celebrated on Saturday last, brought into vivid relief the lonely and pathetic figure on whose continued presence at the head of the dual Empire so much depends. Domestic sorrows and political troubles that would have broken most men so tenderly constituted appear only to have aged the septuagenarian, who a year ago is said to have agreed to take a certain cure when he grew old. It is difficult not to reflect what might have happened had the assassins who struck down both his Empress and his ally aimed instead at the venerable person of Francis Joseph. The succession to the Austro-Hungarian Throne will, there is too much reason

to fear, hardly be accomplished with the ease that has marked the accession of King Victor Emmanuel in Italy.

Count von Waldersee's appointment and the Paris Exhibition have one point in common, if we may accept the assurances of Emperor and President. When presenting the Count with his Marshal's bâton the Kaiser expressed a belief that the Chinese expedition will prove a guarantee of peace among the European Powers and do much to advance the ideal of the Hague Conference. In distributing Exhibition awards President Loubet declared that the Exhibition—"this ephemeral organisation"—has resulted in the establishment of stronger bonds between governments and peoples. The Emperor knows that international harmony in China is due chiefly to the consciousness of a common danger; the President that the Exhibition so far from exemplifying international good-will has afforded evidence of international resentment. Not less insubstantial than the Hague pageant itself will be the contribution of China and the Exhibition to the reign of peace.

The strike which has dislocated the business of South Wales turns on an issue which has of late too frequently been the cause of what are called "labour conflicts." Mr. Ritchie's statement of the Taff Vale case shows that while the ostensible point involved is the re-instatement of a signalman in a particular signal-box, the real question, as the "Times" special correspondent explains, is that of representation. Are the men to be allowed to negotiate with the directors through the railway employés' organisation? At present, the directors decline to meet Mr. Bell, the secretary, in spite of the Board of Trade's advice to them to do so. On the Great Eastern, the employés have delivered a statement of grievances which fills 163 sheets of foolscap. They desire an immediate reply to their representations, but 163 sheets of foolscap, dealing with matters vitally affecting the interests of the company, are naturally not to be disposed of out of hand.

The railway companies are getting themselves thoroughly disliked over the question of excess luggage. Dear coal and troubles with their employés have apparently soured the temper of the directors, and, we admit, they have been severely tried of late. But they make a great mistake in trying to recoup themselves by harassing the ordinary traveller. The real offenders are the wealthy, who travel with a retinue of servants and mountains of luggage. Anyone who goes to Scotland in the autumn—as who does not?—must admit that the amount of baggage which the shooting-tenant has hitherto had carried for nothing is out of all reason. These are the people who ought to pay and who can do so. The companies should raise the weight that is allowed free, and then enforce the scale systematically. If they are wise, the railway companies will avoid worrying passengers about a couple of portmanteaux. It is often said that the Continental railways allow next to no luggage free. But then their fares are lower.

Mr. W. H. Howe has invented a vote-recording machine which we trust some returning officer will be enterprising enough to try at the general election in the autumn. It would be too long to describe the mechanism of "Eureka," but suffice it to say that the voter enters a turnstile, pulls a handle which records his vote for one of the candidates, and is then released and passes out. The present system of making a cross against a name results, as everyone knows, in a percentage of spoiled papers, as a good many near-sighted or unsteady voters put their mark opposite no name in particular, while others amuse themselves by scrawling abuse of one or both candidates. Then again Mr. Howe's machine would prevent the frequency of recounts, as it often happens that through carelessness or malice bundles of voting papers are overlooked, or the crosses assigned to one candidate when in reality they have been given to another. Last, but by no means least, the turnstile and the bell handle would solve to a great extent the illiterate question, as there are amongst this

class many voters who can read but who cannot write. In Ireland particularly "Eureka" would be useful.

"The Queen's Majesty considers it not contrary to the Word of God, nay rather for the advantage of the Church that the image of Christ crucified together with those of Mary and John should be placed as heretofore in some conspicuous part of the church, where they might more widely be seen by the lay people." So an Elizabethan Bishop shortly after the passing of the Act of Uniformity. "The introduction of such an ornament" (that is such a rood screen as above described) "would mark the church as a ritualistic instead of a national Church such as was contemplated at the Reformation." So the learned Chancellor of the Diocese of London—Dr. Tristram—in refusing the unanimous application of the Vestry of S. Anselm, Pinner, to accept the gift of such a rood screen as Elizabeth wished should adorn our churches. "No Bishop shall grant any patent to any Chancellor for any longer time than the life of the grantee only, nor otherwise than with express reservation to himself and his successors of power to execute the said place either alone or with the said Chancellor." So the Anglican Church of post-Reformation days in the Canons of 1640. Now hear the Doctor, as Chancellor of the Bishop of Chichester: "I have been able to trace no such a right" (as for the Bishop to make such a reservation as above) "since the Reformation." Dr. Tristram might with advantage return to his books.

We gather from a letter in the "Times" of Wednesday that a committee has been formed with the object of erecting memorials in Westminster Abbey to John Ruskin and the Duke of Westminster. Surely a curious association of names. Ruskin's genius is certainly worthy of a memorial in the national Walhalla; but, as Miss Octavia Hill has pointed out, the further disfigurement of the Abbey by the inclusion of another of these memorials is a singularly infelicitous memento of Ruskin's work. In the case of the late Duke of Westminster there is simply nothing to be said in excuse of such Philistinism. True, he succeeded to the highest rank in the peerage and to one of the largest fortunes in a very wealthy country. To say that the late Duke bore his rank with dignity, that he devoted a certain portion of his enormous income to charitable objects, that he was an honourable patron of the turf, that he improved his Mayfair property, is merely to say that he was an English duke. "Most blameless was he, center'd in the sphere of common duties:" but our Abbey will have to be enlarged as well as disfigured if it is to receive memorials of all our public-spirited and philanthropic peers. Lord Rosebery, who has a reputation for culture, seconded this proposal!

During the past week the City has shown no symptoms of recovery from the financial paralysis from which it has been suffering for some time past. From one end of the Stock Exchange to the other stagnation has been the one conspicuous feature, and as dealings have visibly decreased, so have dealers. A return of activity cannot be looked for in the immediate future, indeed it seems more than probable that patience will have to be exercised until both the American and English elections are over. It is not surprising that prices have generally declined, for when there is no incentive to buy, the bear emerges from his den. Gilt-edged securities, Home Rails, Americans and South African Mines have all fallen fractionally, but Australian Mines have slightly improved. While International stocks have not changed, a decline in the price of copper has adversely affected the price of Rio Tintos and Anacondas. Delagoa Bay Railway 1st debentures have risen to 130 on the settlement of a scheme for the distribution of the award, that has been arrived at between the committees representing the two classes of debentures. This scheme will be submitted to the bondholders at meetings summoned for 6 September and if, as seems practically certain, it is unanimously approved, a formal request will be sent to the Foreign Office asking Lord Salisbury to arrange with the American Government to accept the award. Consols closed yesterday 98½.

THE RESCUE AND AFTER.

THE news for which Europe has been waiting, in alternations of hope and fear, since the Legations were first permitted to send out news of their survival has at last been received. By a splendid effort of endurance as well as of fighting power, the inmates have been rescued veritably "from the jaws of hell," when they were within an ace of being swallowed up. The armistice, which "had been continually violated," was evidently thrown to the winds when it was seen that the attempt to use the Ministers as hostages had failed. In removing their own persons beyond reach of immediate danger, the Court party abandoned them to the mercy of their assailants. There ensued, as we had anticipated, a period of great danger. The attack was "renewed furiously" as the Allies approached; and it was by a supreme effort that the wearied troops—aroused during the night by the sound of the fighting—made their way into the city in time. But the defence and the relief had been conducted under almost every conceivable form of mental and bodily strain—the certainty of massacre if the arms of the defenders were enfeebled by starvation before the relieving force could fight its way through a series of prepared positions, held by troops exceeding its own many times in number, under conditions of physical hardship scarcely surpassed during the march to Kumasi. Both feats would, doubtless, have been impossible if the Chinese had been equal in military capacity to their adversaries. But the losses incurred show that the resistance offered was not altogether inconsiderable; and though it may be true, as Sir Claude Macdonald once told us, that the besieged survived only through the cowardice of the besiegers, the loss in killed and wounded of more than a third of its number is a proof of the stress which the garrison endured.

The first act of the drama which the Empress and her clique have been so long preparing is thus brought to a close. Communication with Peking was cut off practically on 6 June, and the siege of the Legations began on the 20th. A decree of the 24th ordered "the Ministers of the various Powers . . . to leave the capital within twenty-four hours; the Legations were then to be sealed up, and the flagstaffs cut down." Instead, the flags of the various Powers float now over the walls of Peking. They who thought that the massacre or expulsion of the Ministers would close the chapter of official relations with foreigners are themselves in flight; and the Imperial City is in possession of the invader. With an eagerness due measurably, no doubt, to political anxiety but measurably also to the obscurity of the conditions, people are asking, already, What next? When the armies of a Western State are defeated, and its capital is occupied, we know what to expect. The Government remains to represent the nation, and enters upon negotiations for peace. But Western Governments do not begin war by trying to massacre Ministers, nor besiege Legations as a feature of the campaign. The Empress and the gang who accompany her are flying from the anticipated punishment of their crime. They have copied the example of their predecessors, in 1860, in disregarding the sanctity of envoys, and are copying it also in flying from consequences which they measure by their own standard. They are right in a sense. The incident is not closed by the rescue of the Legations, nor even by the occupation of Peking. It would not have been ended even if the Ministers had been escorted previously to the coast. If the guilt of massacre has been avoided, through the heroism of those for whom it was designed, the guilt of attack remains. There remains also the task of setting up, instead of the authority which countenanced these crimes, an authority which may inspire confidence that they will not be repeated, and which may offer some chance of progress and good government for China herself. There is no disguising the fact that the difficulty is enhanced by the flight of the Court. The answer to the question where power in China lies has been indicated in articles published recently in the SATURDAY REVIEW. That it does not reside solely in the person of the Emperor is proved by the fact that Kwang Su has been effaced since the coup

d'état of 1898. How important, on the other hand, his personality is, is shown by the fact that the Empress never ventures to let him out of her grasp. He accompanied her in her migrations between Peking and the Summer Palace; and he accompanies her, doubtless, in her flight. If he could escape and reach, say, the Yangtze region, he would be acclaimed as the legitimate ruler that he is. It is said that when the present Viceroy of Nanking took leave of the Empress, some months ago, after a visit to Peking, her parting request was that he would stamp out Reformers within his jurisdiction; but he replied that it was impossible; for though you may prevent people speaking you cannot prevent their thinking! If the tale is not true, it is well found; and it derives additional significance from the fact that members of the Reform party have been speaking out frankly, during the present crisis, at various places within Liu Kun-yi's viceroyalty and elsewhere. Petitions to the Powers of Europe to restore the Emperor have been drawn up, not surreptitiously, but translated and openly published with the names of the principal signatories appended, in the "North China Herald," within the last two months. That this should be adventured by men living in Shanghai, where the foreign municipality would oppose obstacles to their arrest, is less surprising than that it should be adventured in the very viceregal capital of Nanking, and in a province governed by a Manchu nominee of the Empress, like Honan. No one who has observed the indications of popular and official opinion in China during the last two years will doubt that the reinstatement of the Emperor, with a council composed of progressive instead of reactionary officials, would be welcomed. The problem is how to bring it about. We desire, for widely divergent reasons, to get possession of both the Emperor and Empress as the only way, apparently, in which one can be detached from the other, and one exalted and the other suppressed. The anxiety which has been expressed by the provincial magnates for the Empress' personal safety may be simulated or real. It is at any rate unnecessary, as the Western Governments will not lower themselves to her standard by meting out to her the fate she designed for their representatives. Bearing in mind the statement in that pathetic letter from a youthful member of the British Legation, who has fallen since in its defence, that she had "come in from the Summer Palace in a towering rage . . . and with nine or ten thousand soldiers at her back had decreed that every foreigner in Peking was to be massacred that night"—bearing in mind such evidence of an intent which every effort has since been made to fulfil—the Powers may deem it necessary so to dispose of her that she shall not be able to recommence similar intrigues. But the measures devised, whatsoever they may be, will differ widely from those which will properly be applied to the Tuans and Tungs and Kang Yis of her entourage.

We have said that the curtain was only pushed aside, on the east, to permit the entry of the troops. It remains still closely drawn on the west. There is no reason to doubt that the Empress has really fled. That she should do so is in accordance with precedent; and is a natural consequence of her own fears. But precedent does not always hold good. It would be in accordance with precedent that she should fly to Jehol, since that is where Hien Feng sought refuge in 1860. But rumour has it that she is making for Si-ngan. Such a decision would be momentous, for it would seem to imply a purpose of changing the capital. Jehol is simply a hunting-palace in Mongolia: retreat thither would imply a purpose of return. But Si-ngan is far away in the interior, in the province of Shense. Nor is the project suddenly conceived. It was broached during the war with Japan; and would have been put in execution, probably, if the Japanese had advanced on Peking. We remarked, last week, that it had been urged again by the Manchu members of the Council, but opposed by the three great Viceroys of Nanking, Wuchang and Canton. Si-ngan was an Imperial city B.C. It had long become only a provincial capital in Marco Polo's time; but he speaks with admiration of its grandeur, and von Richthofen and others who have visited it within recent years echo his

praise. It is in fact one of the four chief cities of China. A difficulty has been found in its citizens being largely Mohammedan, and that the troops who were engaged lately, under Tung Fuh-siang, in suppressing a Mohammedan rebellion in the Shin-Kan viceroyalty would scarcely be popular as an escort or popularise the advent of the Court. The acting Governor of Shense is a Manchu, though reputed to be liberally inclined; the acting Viceroy of the two provinces of Shense and Kansuh is of the Empress' way of thinking, though a Chinese; and Viceroy possess, as we have had occasion to note, great power within the limits of their domain. Si-ngan possesses, moreover, the merit of inaccessibility. If the Imperial Court were established there, its members probably think that they would be free both from the presence of foreigners and the pressure which has rendered life hateful to them during recent years. How the Powers will set themselves to deal with the situation which the withdrawal of the Court to such a remote region would create, is a problem that will require consideration, if the design is realised. Our best advisers in this, as in other matters connected with the Imperial Government and its doings, will be the great Viceroy against whose advice the Imperial migration is being carried out.

THE NEW KING OF ITALY.

THE new King of Italy descends directly in the male line from Humbert of the White Hand, Count of Savoy, who died in 1056; his house has had as counts and dukes forty-one sovereign rulers; he is himself—we leave out the titular Kings of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia—the tenth King of the House of Savoy, and the seventh King owning no overlord. The house has produced Saints and Blessed, Popes and Cardinals, fighting men of the finest quality, statesmen of the subtlest parts, and sovereigns with such attributes as the Great, the Good, the Holy, the Peaceful, the Venerable, the Hunter, the Warrior, the Lesser Charlemagne. Tough material truly, from which to fashion the monarch of a modern revolutionary throne with a representative government that has no liking for kingly initiative. There is something incongruous in the contemplation of a son of Savoy in such a position; the very title of the new King disquiets and disturbs the historical mind. He is called Victor Emmanuel III., and he would certainly be the third Victor Emmanuel if there were any longer a Kingdom of Sardinia, but as King of United Italy he is only Victor Emmanuel II. If regard were had to the clear and common-sense niceties which help to make history easier, then he should be styled Victor Emmanuel II. and III. As it is his style and title convey, not that his grandfather secured the rest of Italy by the popular voice, but simply that the kingdom of Sardinia forcibly annexed the other states of Italy, continuing the numeration of its sovereigns as if no new kingdom of Italy had ever come into being. But accuracy of thought is out of fashion in the Peninsula, the ordering of ideas is out of gear, and we do not remember to have seen this obvious maxim of elementary history ever noted even in a clerical journal.

In a recent article on the assassination of King Humbert we pointed out that the Crown Prince had been an enigma, that but little was known of him by the nation at large. The position to which he has now succeeded has not yet proved the key to this enigma. The newspaper biographies are scanty and obviously padded: that he was studious, methodical, careful of detail, chary of speech, with unquestionable energy, with resolution of a sort, with the faculty of organisation, an adept at soldiering, plucky like the rest of his house—all this we had known before, and his figure still presents itself to us in a certain vagueness and incertitude of outline, wanting at present in the essential royal quality of charm. It is early yet to speak of Victor Emmanuel III., and one might wish to defer judgment until stirring events had put his powers to the proof. But his reign has begun; he has delivered two public utterances; he has passed his Ministers in review in a lengthy Ministerial convocation. His public utterances cannot

escape comment, for while they have satisfied slipshod Conservatives and delighted professional Constitutionalists, the new King seems to us to have missed in them the first and most natural opportunity of announcing that new departure in the royal policy of which his kingdom stands so sorely in need. And with the first and natural opportunity gone, only an ugly and unnatural crisis may bring a second.

The King's first public utterance was his proclamation to the Italian people dated at Monza on 2 August, five days after the assassination of King Humbert. It is fit that it be received in respectful silence for its touching references to his murdered father, conceived and uttered in a strain of filial piety, inspired by the sentiment and traditions of the best days of the House of Savoy. And we pass instead to his second public utterance, to the speech which he read from the Throne to the senators and deputies. It is an effectively worded document, written in a language rich in hyperbole, addressed to a people always readily contented and momentarily convinced by high-sounding generalities. The speech indeed contains in it nothing of concrete, nothing to show that there is an acute financial and social problem eating out the heart's core of the country, that there is a people taxed beyond the endurance of the Saints, that the hydra-headed monster Anarchy runs riot in the land and calls for another St. George, that the want of all religious education in the elementary schools has helped to give birth to this and other monsters of iniquity, that the country needs to be ridded of half its parasite bureaucrats, that there is a Church dispute with the most powerful of ecclesiastical potentates whose example and counsel withdraws some of the most sterling characters from all part in the life of the State. It is only an old, a prosperous, a Conservative monarchy that can indulge in the luxury of a formal and conventional King's speech: the speech of the King of Italy should have dealt with unpleasant realities and eschewed altogether convenient generalities. It is here that the young monarch has lost his opportunity of proving that he is, what we believe him to be at heart, every inch a King. "Brave words, bravely spoken!" cries in a rapture a contemporary of ours when commenting on the speech. Bravely spoken certainly, for the King has a ringing voice and a kingly presence, but we fail to see any special bravery in words which shirked the real issues at stake.

The first great opportunity has been lost then, but it by no means follows that the young King may not yet attempt to deal with the real evils that afflict his kingdom. Prudence may have dictated the generalities of his speech, and by quieting the susceptibilities of professional Liberalism he may hope to acquire a freer hand for a silent cleansing of the Augean stable. We will hope that this may be so, though the critical condition of Italy seems to us to require at present quite other virtues than that of prudence. Meantime there is pleasant and not unhelpful reading about the King in the newspapers. His conduct at the deplorable railway accident of Villa Spada is worthy of himself and the House of Savoy. It is pleasant to read of his surprise visit to the Guard-room of the Bersaglieri at the Quirinal, and to note his eminently Savoyan demeanour towards men and officers. It is hopeful to read of the severe cross examination to which he appears to have subjected his Ministers at the first Council. Accustomed to an easy-going master, they do not seem to have wholly satisfied the young King, and there were instant rumours of a Ministerial crisis and the resignation of Ministers. This is a particularly hopeful sign, for Italy has need of a King who by personal attention to Government will make government by faction impossible in the future. Since the assassination of King Humbert, Signor Crispi has once more come to the front. He met King Victor at Naples; he has had a stirring article in the "Tribuna," and a somewhat polemic article in the "Rivista Marittima;" the newspapers are busy about him. Rumour, very full of tongues at such a moment, has it that, in spite of the supposed antipathy between the two men, the King would gladly see him once more as President of the Council. We have no kind of

sympathy with a politician of the record and principles of Francesco Crispi. Still it is possible that under the proper control of a strong Royal will, his courage, his abilities and his knowledge of subterranean politics might prove most serviceable to the dynasty and the country. Among other and numerous objections to his appointment, it is curious to note a certain feeling of superstition, for Mazzini, in his anger against the defecting Republican, prophesied that Crispi would be the last Prime Minister of the House of Savoy.

As we have implied, Victor Emmanuel III. has so far shown no sign of radically changing the policy of the preceding reign. Great is the work of reform required of him. He must grant State aid to religious education; he must reduce his army and increase his navy; taxes, too, have to be reduced, and public credit increased; Italian bureaucracy needs purgation, and many municipalities require Royal intervention; he has to bear in mind that unity does not necessarily mean uniformity and should encourage all just regional aspirations; the position of the clergy is worthy of amelioration. But above all he needs to aim at an harmonious working together of Church and State, and this, in the present condition of Italy, is a task which we recognise to be as arduous as any ever attempted by the greatest rulers of the world. A very few years will suffice to show whether this brave young monarch will have the grit and courage to grapple with real reforms, or whether he will weakly succumb to wire-pullers and continue to champion a cause which is leading to the break up of the country.

THE FAILURE OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

FOUR months have elapsed since President Loubet, heralded by the exhilarating music of the "Marseillaise," passed into the gigantic Salle des Fêtes and proclaimed the Exposition Universelle to be open. It was a solemn moment, and a great one; the troubles of the past, the commercial depression of quite twenty months, political hatreds, anti-Republican conspiracies, widespread anxiety, general unrest: all these, it was believed, were to be dissipated by the seven months' fête, all these were to give place to peace, comradeship, and much-needed prosperity. In England, the many friends of France looked sympathetically across the Channel, hoping that the Exhibition would indeed fulfil its mission and usher in a happy, honourable future. In France, scarcely a person doubted that he would benefit somehow or another by the splendid spectacle that was to excite the world's wonder. The whole of Europe had shown its sense of the importance of the event by raising national pavilions along the Seine, equipping them with gorgeous goods and the rarest curiosities. And yet—in spite of this universal effort, of the almost universal expressions of goodwill bestowed upon France four months ago, of the brilliancy and beauty of the fairy city that still stands to be courted and admired—we have to record the melancholy fact that, so far as profit is concerned, the Exhibition has been a lamentable failure; and that the losses sustained by the State and the exhibitors themselves will have increased twofold when the Exposition Universelle brings its career to a close in late November.

To begin with, the Exhibition has had difficulties to overcome from the very outset. While allowing that MM. Millerand and Picard have been indefatigable in the way of making speeches and attending banquets, we must condemn the assurance given in the Chamber before the inauguration that the Exhibition was "entirely ready;" and again find fault with the Minister of Commerce for lacking the courage to postpone the opening when he found that it was not ready. Nor can we overlook the fact that both these gentlemen have been guilty of mercenary practices and much mismanagement. Had they waited three weeks longer Parisians would have been spared the sorry spectacle of scaffolding, the humiliation of hearing foreigners complain, the discomfort of stumbling over heaps of stones and swallowing clouds of dust. Much, possibly all, would have been accomplished in that time if the workmen had had the Exhibition to themselves; but being pestered by the public and instructed by M. Millerand

to proceed with the utmost caution, it was not surprising that they were still engaged in hammering when April gave way to May and May to June. Parisians, however, accepted the situation with admirable patience, and philosophically found consolation in the fact that exhibitions never are finished by the time of their opening; but provincials who had gone to the expense and discomfort of a long journey complained even more bitterly than the foreigner and, like every "special correspondent," circulated the news that Paris would not be ready to "receive" before July. This naturally injured the Exhibition, yet not so severely as to prevent it being well patronised after Easter. The crowd was not cosmopolitan but composed principally of Parisians, and there were quite enough of them to make a satisfactory show. The provinces remained stubborn; Englishmen and Americans—some on account of the war, others through a preposterous fear of being insulted—held back also; and thus the foreign element came to be represented chiefly by impecunious Germans. But the matter became graver when the attendance declined rather than increased; when the electrical apparatus (which was to produce the greatest triumph of the fair) failed repeatedly; when complaints went up on account of the lack of gratuitous outdoor attractions; when it became only too apparent that MM. Millerand and Picard would have to introduce countless innovations and bring about a hundred changes if the Exhibition were really to succeed. And here it is interesting and amazing to note that, in outdoor recreations, the grounds have been almost barren: for this constitutes one of the chief causes of the failure of the fair. The "fête de nuit" has never been a regular feature, which is strange. And twice a week the gardens have only been illuminated really brilliantly. Not more than two bands have played in this vast city by the Seine, and have played badly, with almost interminable pauses. Rare music; few pleasures "en plein air" indispensable in an Exhibition; and Paris with her reputation for brilliancy to sustain, her passion for outdoor life to gratify, should have had reason to marvel over the spectacle in the grounds instead of being compelled to admit that nights could be spent more pleasantly on the boulevards as before. Perhaps MM. Millerand and Picard believed that Parisians would patronise the side-shows in the Rue de Paris, were there no gratuitous amusements in the grounds. They sold those sites at preposterous prices in the beginning; no doubt they felt themselves obliged to do their best for the unhappy managers who, in order to secure a profit, were compelled to demand three, four, and five francs for admission and to give several performances a night. But few visitors have shown themselves willing to pay so much for so little; and consequently the side-shows, like many a restaurant and café, will present a pitiable balance-sheet in November if they are not reduced to declare themselves bankrupt before. More depressing still will be the returns recorded by the restaurants; Duval and Champeaux paid 800,000 francs for their positions, while the concessions allotted to other houses cost 500,000, 600,000, and 700,000; and, although these prosperous concerns will not be ruined by their losses, the burden will fall on the shareholders who, with thousands more, will have reason to condemn the Exhibition. Several bankruptcies, indeed, have already been declared; up to now only the smaller houses have succumbed, but it is persistently rumoured that many a large building is already occupied by a "man in possession" and that considerable collapses are inevitable. For all this unfortunate insolvency, MM. Millerand and Picard must be held responsible. Their utter disregard for the exhibitors in demanding fabulous sums for concessions cannot be too severely condemned; and a capital idea of their incompetency may be gained by glancing at the condition of Vincennes. Weeks after the opening it was still in a state of lamentable confusion. In spite of the electrical and mechanical wonders displayed there later on, their distance from the Seine was so considerable that no one could be reasonably expected to undertake the journey; and, although Vincennes was described as an "annex," separate tickets were required for that particular and highly important section of the Exhibition.

Had it been possible to convince MM. Millerand and

Picard that changes were imperative and to persuade them to introduce the necessary reforms, the career and fate of the Exhibition might have been different. Promptness no doubt might have saved the situation; but now it is too late: Parisians are away out of town and foreigners are unlikely to flock to France after hearing of the failure of the fair. Out of the 65,000,000 tickets issued more than 50,000,000 remained unused! And although it was confidently expected that the average number of paying visitors would amount to at least 300,000 a day, not more than 110,000 (of which some 40,000 enter free of charge) pass the turnstiles now. Once, and once only, 400,000 persons occupied the grounds; but even in the season the average attendance rarely exceeded 200,000 which (with 40,000 again on the "free list") shows that the Exhibition has ever failed to realise the success so unhesitatingly predicted for it. Assuming (and we are being generous) that the returns record a million visitors a week up to the close, there will still remain some 30,000,000 tickets on the market on settlement day. Stamped "1 franc," they never cost more than seventy-five centimes; now two are sold for forty centimes, while the *Crédit Lyonnais* is glad to dispose of a hundred tickets for twenty-one francs. It is prophesied the tickets are likely to sink to fifteen and even to ten centimes apiece; and, in November, to become practically worthless. Other speculators complain, those who raised enormous hotels in the hope of realising fortunes, those who increased the rent of their flats and the tariff of their pensions for the same mercenary motive. To-day, however, it is easy to find accommodation at reasonable rates anywhere and everywhere; there is no amazing reserving of rooms, no fear of being turned away contemptuously, no need to anxiously engage shelter in advance. Nor need tourists be afraid of overcrowding in the journey to Paris, for railway companies show that the number of visitors to Paris this July was smaller than in the corresponding month last year. Ninety days more! And then, when the workmen commence the task of destruction, we may expect the prevailing discontent in Paris to assume a highly demonstrative form. The confidence of four months ago has long been shattered; disappointment and disgust are gradually overtaking the people. But danger will come with the depression that will descend upon the city when the Chambers reassemble and when the Nationalists, seizing this excellent opportunity to attack the Government, recommence their disquieting campaign. How far the efforts of the anti-Republican party will succeed in provoking tumult, is a question that time alone can decide; but should the friends of Captain Dreyfus keep to their resolution of clearing up the "affaire," it is certain that the country is doomed to a time of division and confusion. And it is sad and unjust, this threatening situation—for if the Exhibition has failed financially through want of competent superintendence, it is far from being so defective in its other and larger aspects, as to deserve catastrophe for its reward. We sincerely regret its failure as we sincerely hoped for its success.

LORD WOLSELEY'S CENSURE.

LORD WOLSELEY'S judgment is rendered all the more bitter by reason of the optimistic and misleading statements to which Lord Lansdowne has recently committed himself. The most authoritative military expert in the land has told us that the so-called Aldershot division is totally incapable of taking the field as an army. As a matter of fact, it would have been little short of miraculous if, after so short a training, a force mainly composed of militia and reserve battalions had been able to do so: and Lord Wolseley, in even comparing this heterogeneous collection of units with an army corps, was judging it by too lofty a standard. A higher state of efficiency, however, might have been reached. But that it was not attained may be attributed to several causes.

The usual curriculum of company field training was undergone by the regular troops; while the militia, with some modifications, performed the same course. It is useless to blink the fact that militia officers are for the main part utterly incapable of carrying out satis-

factorily such work; and unfortunately in too many cases the supervision of commanding officers—about whose selection by the way more care should be taken—affords but another instance of the blind leading the blind. For this it would be unfair to blame only the officers concerned. The system—which until now has paid such scant attention to their training, although they are called the backbone of the army—has been mainly to blame. But the real root of the evil, as regards the Aldershot field training, lies in this. Brigadiers and their staffs have so much work to do that a detailed supervision of militia field training is out of the question. The brigades, too, in some cases have been much too large. Until recently several of them consisted of as many as eight battalions. Certainly this state of things has now been altered. But the change has come too late to produce any tangible result. A competent officer—there are plenty in the reserve—should have been appointed to each brigade, and should have been charged solely with the supervision of the work. At Salisbury this—at any rate as regards one brigade—has been done with conspicuous success. The lines on which officers were to work were sketched out in a series of elementary lectures, and nothing of an ambitious nature has been attempted. On the other hand at Aldershot this change has only been made very recently, and hence to a large extent the present state of affairs. Lord Wolseley's remarks however were not confined to the shortcomings of regimental officers. Commanders of higher rank came in for their share of blame. Suitable brigadiers were at first difficult to find. Our best had already proceeded to South Africa. But now things are changed. We have at home officers who would be eminently suited to the work of commanding brigades and of staff officers. Yet, although several additional brigades have recently been formed, no trouble seems to have been taken to secure experienced men, with the result that our brigades are now mainly commanded by elderly officers who had rightly been relegated to the dignified seclusion of *depôt* commands. Indeed it seems as if the Military Secretary's Department—which by the way is far too much "run" by antiquated civilian clerks—had broken down under the strain of the last few months. More attention, too, might certainly have been devoted to battalion and brigade training; and in most cases the scratch Generals and Brigade-Majors who now do duty at Aldershot require practice as much as others. But when things go wrong, blame must not altogether be withheld from the officer in supreme command. An elderly cavalry General of no particular eminence and in poor health, who, we believe, would have been glad to be relieved of his duties, does not seem the proper person to undertake the extraordinarily difficult task of transforming a comparatively untrained militia infantry into an army capable of maintaining our home defences. True, it may be urged, that few officers of the requisite rank were available on the active list. But in times like these, recourse might have been had to the retired list, where several generals might have been found who bear a lesser weight of years, and possess a more practical acquaintance with modern military requirements. Still in fairness to the Generals this at least must be remembered. The task which they have been called upon to perform during the past few months has been an exceptionally arduous one. In ordinary times their work—did not our traditional system of red-tape impose correspondence of such voluminous dimensions—is comparatively easy. Regular regiments, with rare exceptions, enter a district in a high state of efficiency, and in ordinary times the General's best plan is usually to let well alone. But the circumstances now are utterly different. Out of loosely organised units, officered in the main by those who of necessity do not know their work, an efficient field army had to be created—an undertaking which demanded ability of a high order and boundless energy. But such points are not taken into consideration by the public, who concern themselves only with the pertinent issue that our field army for home defence exists as an organised force solely in the imagination of Lord Lansdowne. Unfortunately the summer is nearly ended, and there is

little time to rectify matters before the autumn is upon us. After the Commander-in-Chief's remarks, there is but one thing to be done. Company field training, to be followed by battalion and brigade training, must be commenced *de novo*, and steps taken to afford officers additional opportunities of learning their duties.

There are still two more points which must be taken into consideration. The unfortunate field-day which resulted in casualties has something to answer for, as have the public and the House of Commons. The great outcry then raised retarded matters, and perhaps had the effect of making the Aldershot headquarters staff over-anxious to avoid a repetition of the occurrence, as well as of the feeble criticism and ignorant abuse with which on that occasion they were assailed. Moreover civilians must not rush to the conclusion that under normal conditions, and when the garrison consists solely of regular troops and the pick of our staff officers, things always work smoothly. This is far from being the case, and painful fiascos have been as common at Aldershot as at other places and in other armies.

ENGLISH RAILWAY DEVELOPMENT.

II.—THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN.

AS have many other leading lines, the London and North-Western has grown by the process of amalgamation and absorption. Its title was adopted in the year 1846 when the old London and Birmingham, Manchester and Birmingham, Liverpool and Manchester, and Grand Junction lines were united. Subsequently other sections, of which the Chester and Holyhead and the Lancaster and Carlisle are the most important, were taken in; and the system now extends from London to Carlisle, from Holyhead to Cambridge, and from Swansea to Leeds, whilst its through coaches may be found anywhere from Inverness to Plymouth. Financially it must be conceded the premier position among English railways. In round figures the capital of the company is equal to one-fifth of the national debt, and its engines cover a mileage of three miles per second for every hour of the day or night. Much of its success is traceable to the late Sir Richard Moon who occupied the position of chairman for nearly thirty years. His policy was one of caution, especially in regard to the adoption of improvements. He ever regarded his company as a commercial undertaking which existed primarily for the earning of dividends and he left it to others to find out whether such innovations as the uniform carriage of third-class passengers or the adoption of dining cars could be made to yield a satisfactory profit. Nor can it be said that in the long run this hesitation has been without benefit to travellers, for when once it has been demonstrated that a particular innovation is a success the North-Western has a way of taking it up, with material improvements of its own.

Towards the end of Sir Richard Moon's career occurred the first race to Scotland, perhaps the most important event that has ever happened in railway history. Previously to the summer of 1888 the company had never made any effort to attain a high average speed. Although generally possessed of the shortest and easiest routes between important points it had been content to occupy the same time on the journey as its less favoured rivals and had never sought the clear superiority to which its position entitled it. However such a policy may be regarded by an impatient traveller, it has the merit of preventing retaliation in the shape of cutting rates or other inconvenient competition, and enables companies to live side by side in peace and goodwill. But in the summer of 1888 the completion of the Forth Bridge was approaching and it was freely assumed by those who thought themselves able to prophesy that the west coast route to the North of Scotland would cease to be of any importance whatever. Euston considered that the time had come to throw off its lethargy. The race itself, which attracted world-wide attention, came to an end without either side gaining a decisive advantage, but it left behind it a vast series of permanent improvements in England and started foreign nations on the path of railway progress

so effectually that more than one has outstripped us altogether in matters in which we had been accustomed to consider ourselves supreme.

Certainly the summer of 1888 must be taken as the starting point from which dates all modern progress in facilitating travel on the North-Western line. Dealing first with the Scotch services, the time occupied by the morning trains was reduced by an hour and a half; and it being proved that the new speed was just as safe as the old and much more attractive to passengers, the way was opened for the new afternoon train leaving London at 2 o'clock. This train was greatly improved in the summer of 1893, when corridor and connected vehicles with third-class dining cars were attached. In the summer of 1895 came the great race to Aberdeen, which was the most brilliant railway work that has yet been done in Great Britain. This race also proved indecisive, and the point had now been reached when all the competitors were glad enough to come to terms which would put a stop to indefinite competition. One result of the race however was a vastly improved service of night trains. We should perhaps have still better things to record but for the unfortunate accident at Preston in 1896 when a train was driven at an absurd rate of speed round a very sharp curve with disastrous results. The public took alarm, and from that moment such changes as have taken place in the North-Western service to Scotland have hardly been for the better. Two years ago an improvement was introduced in the morning trains. New corridor and connected vehicles were put on the service with luncheon accommodation, and it is curious to note that the North-Western, though still maintaining second-class traffic on its own local services, has so far given in to the democratic ideal as to make these trains practically of one class only, open from end to end. It is to be regretted that much of what was given in this case with one hand was taken away with the other. Owing to the addition of luncheon cars to the train, the refreshment stop at Preston became unnecessary, but passengers have not reaped the benefit by saving the twenty minutes which used to be spent at Preston. Speed has been reduced so that the time of arrival at the destination is the same as before.

The introduction of third-class sleeping cars on the night trains so long talked of seems as far off as ever; indeed the whole Scotch service appears to have settled down to a period bordering on stagnation. On the other hand the last few years have witnessed a complete reorganisation of the service to Ireland via Holyhead. When Mr. Acworth wrote his well-known book on railways in 1889, he drew special attention to the unsatisfactory treatment to which Irish passengers were subjected, and no one will dispute that his criticisms were fully justified. There existed two services—the Dublin Packet Company and the North-Western Railway. The boats of the former were out of date, and the connecting mail trains between Euston and Holyhead were slow and conveyed only first- and second-class passengers at express fares. The North-Western boats were newer but not faster than their rivals, whilst their connecting trains were even slower than the Irish mails. But when the new mail contract came into operation the Dublin Company put on a set of very fast twin-screw ships and the mail trains were greatly improved in speed; refreshment cars were added to the day trains, and the old restriction as to class abolished. The North-Western company thus found that if it was to keep any Irish traffic by its own boats at all it must set its house in order. The fleet of steamers working from Holyhead to Dublin and Greenore, though consisting of vessels that were by no means obsolete, has been renewed; and the new sister ships "Hibernia" "Anglia" and "Cambria" are as fine as any engaged in similar work in the world. And to correspond with the smartening up of the sea service, the trains running to and from Holyhead have been improved beyond all recognition.

The remaining chief services of the North-Western line are those between London and Birmingham, London and Manchester, and London and Liverpool; and if the truth be confessed none of these are quite so good as the importance of the towns deserves. Between

London and Birmingham the Great Western Company is making great efforts to secure a share of the traffic, and the fact that Paddington is for most parts of residential London much more convenient than Euston operates to some extent in favour of the Great Western, but as the North-Western route is seventeen miles shorter and very easy to work it will always be possible for the latter, if it cares to exert itself, to defeat all competition. At present it is content to beat its rival by ten minutes and seems to think that to travel 112 miles in two hours and a quarter is as much as the good people of Birmingham have any right to desire. From London to Manchester there are no less than four competing routes, though in this case as usual the North-Western line is shorter and far easier than any of the others. Fifteen years ago the service by each of the three routes then in existence, measured by the standard of the time, was a very good one; but unfortunately for the public, an understanding was come to between all parties that no train should be run between London and Manchester in less than four hours and a quarter. That understanding, with the exception only of an incidental connexion with the day Irish mail which covers the distance in four hours and ten minutes, has ever since been faithfully observed. From Paris to Calais by the North of France railway is practically the same distance as from Euston to Manchester and one glance at the foreign Bradshaw will show the vast superiority of the French service. Considering the growth of population and industry in the Manchester district since 1886, it can hardly be argued that what was only good enough then is quite good enough now. The North-Western do not hesitate to show how much better the service could be made, and to show it in a manner most irritating to the passenger. They run a train from Euston at 5.30 in the evening which travels the distance of 158 miles to Crewe without a stop at the rate of 50 miles an hour, but as it would be a breach of the compact to allow passengers to arrive at Manchester in less than the old time the journey of 31 miles from Crewe to Manchester is made to consume an hour and five minutes.

As to the London and Liverpool service, here the North-Western have things all their own way. For many years the distance of 195 miles occupied four hours and twenty-five minutes but recently under great pressure the time was reduced to four hours and a quarter. In the year 1893 the old Inman Line of Atlantic steamers, having passed under the American flag, abandoned Liverpool and made Southampton the headquarters of their mail boats on this side of the water. This move created no little sensation, and it was felt that unless improvements were effected there was a danger of other lines also removing to a port offering greater facilities, and in the result the North-Western Company arranged to run special trains for boat passengers right through to the ship's side, thus saving them the trouble and expense of crossing the town of Liverpool. These special trains are now run right through from London to the Prince's Landing Stage in four hours, but the company does not consider it worth while to give the same advantages to the home traveller as it does to those who cross the ocean. The best trains of the ordinary service will apparently continue to take the full four hours and a quarter for some time to come. Space does not permit any attempt to deal with the various services given by the North-Western to the Lake District, to the sea-side, or to Buxton and other tourist centres, though these are all steadily increasing in importance; nor is it possible to do more than name such cross-country services as those between Manchester and Leeds and Shrewsbury and Hereford. All are of a reasonably high standard.

The locomotive stock of this company has always attracted considerable interest. In what may be called the Middle Ages period of railway development the London and North-Western possessed a large number of "single" engines which did their work with great efficiency, and when the present chief engineer took charge he designed a class of engines, the first of which appeared about the end of 1874, which even to-day work many of the best trains on the line and throughout their long career have been phenomenally successful.

One of these engines, the "Charles Dickens," has been engaged since the spring of 1882, with few intervals for repairs, between Manchester and London and back every week day, and enjoys the distinction of having done a greater mileage in a given time than any other engine in the world. But it is chiefly in connexion with the introduction of the compound principle that the name of the company will always be associated. Nearly twenty years ago an experimental express engine was built at Crewe according to the design of the company's engineer and since that date not a single engine of the old types has been put on the line for working express trains, whilst no less than six different patterns of compounds have been tried. The new system was first brought prominently before the public by the appearance of the "Marchioness of Stafford" engine at the Inventions Exhibition of 1885, and subsequently the "Jeanie Deans" was exhibited at Edinburgh in 1890 and the "Queen Empress" at Chicago in 1893; whilst at the present moment "La France" is one of the few locomotives representing England at Paris. Each of these engines differs from its predecessor considerably and marks a new stage in the growth of the compound. The principle has also been applied with success to goods traffic. Much controversy has taken place in the engineering world over all these engines, and though the earlier types of compounds have been abandoned, and though other companies and other nations have hesitated to apply the North-Western methods, it must be remembered that this company was, in this direction at least, the pioneer; and if compound engines of rival designs in France and America give better results than we can at present show in England, the fact need not detract from the credit which is due to the Crewe authorities for having first applied the principle on a large scale and attracted to its consideration many of the keenest intellects of the day.

BY THE CANAL.

IT has not an inviting sound, that word canal; its suggestions are not of wild flowers and woodland, of birds and butterflies and bees. One thinks rather with a shudder of the black sinuous lengths that wind through crowded towns, cold dead water it would be a shock to touch as it might be to touch a snake. All of us whose business is in the great city are familiar with these grim waterways, grimy with coal dust, settled as a thick scum on the moveless surface, with the dreary miry towpath, flanked and shut in with gaunt heights of brick and mortar, relieved only by stark placards flaunting the vulgar horrors of the melodrama. Not a sign of life, not a sign of healthy movement, except hour by hour the monotonous thud of the horse-hoof, towing a coal barge slowly, laboriously, barge and bargee alike dark and dirty as the water itself. The very venue for a low-life tragedy, "by the canal" calls up visions of Quilps, and other of those popular and squalid heroes; or it suggests some story of brutal crime, some suicide that might grace a halfpenny paper. So that to save the reader any disappointment, to enable him who scents "a good murder" to turn away, we will confess at once that we have here no horrors for him. For by a canal you shall see one of the merriest spots in all the south country, a gay little world to itself. Surrey has many sunny spots, but surely none so gay, none so instinct with life in the noontide sun of August or July as a certain canal bank we have in mind.

Leaving Byfleet Station (up side) on your left, as you go out, you will come to a wicket in a belt of wood. Go through and follow the narrow path among the trees; a familiar home of the nightingale and sundry other warblers. The wood is rare, so that the sunlight comes through easily in broad patches, showing the purity of the green in June and the slight suggestion of age in July and August with a clearness impossible to your thick and sombre woods with their heavy melancholy silence. There is no melancholy here; all is lightness. You do not think of the branches as keeping the sun out but of the interstices as letting it in, and thus the tracery of the leaves is easily followed.

Still there is wood enough to make you feel cut off from the road and the railway, and the other side seems to be a different world from this. You come out of the wood unexpectedly, as it were, and the new world you have come upon seems wholly unconnected with that you left behind on the trees' far side.

There is the canal right before you; a canal truly, but how different from the black snakes that steal through the town! The water is clear, the air bright, and the bank a garden of flowers, crowded with all kinds of life. All is in the large air, free, healthy, exhilarating. The water lies open to the heavens and takes to its breast the blue and the clouds. Unlike the city canal, too dark almost to take a shadow, here the water catches every passing shade and the gentlest breeze dapples it with light. Right to the bottom, here under the bank, you may see in the cone of refracted sunshine the feathery foliage of the rush and the river-weed, the flash of the emerald and crimson stickleback, and that uncouth monster, the future dragon-fly, swimming awkwardly. And the banks do not shut out the light, but with their thick fringe of foliage and flowers just take off any stiffness there might be in the line of the water's edge. The immense tufts of meadowsweet, the breaks of flowering rush lavish their sweetness on the artificial "cut" as unsparingly as on the Test or on the Isis itself. And the barges that after long resting at the locks follow the towmen leisurely produce no sinister effect. Their green-painted bows look fresh in the sunlight, and the white shirt with the broad flapped collar of the bargee, set off with scarlet or blue neckerchief, is rather a picturesque than a depressing feature. Often the barge-man's children are with him, brown happy little things, the girls as athletic as the boys.

But these human visits are rare; they are interruptions of the life of the canal; not unsightly, they may be tolerated, yet you are glad when they are gone, as glad as are the butterflies, merry little skippers and common blues, and the dragon-flies, the legitimate inhabitants of this kingdom. Man may have made the canal, but nature has taken it over for him, and turned that whereof his unaided intelligence makes a hideous deformity into a thing of beauty. In return she leaves him a right of way; no more. If he stays, even if he lingers, he is an interloper.

The sovereigns of this realm are the dragon-flies; they sweep up and down the water as conscious of their sovereignty; birds, flowers, butterflies, fishes, all take second place. The flight of one of these brilliant insects is the most majestic in the world. Reproduce the dragon-fly on the albatross or the eagle's scale of size and we dull humans would recognise that he is incomparable. There is nothing like him. The transparent texture of his mighty wings, as at every turn, often at a tangent, they catch the sun, makes it literally true to say of him that he goes in a flash. Of other creatures, the phrase is a figure; of the dragon-fly it is a description. Watch the angles at which he can turn, the speed with which he ascends and descends, see him poised and apparently motionless; try to follow the movement of the wing with which he describes his evolutions. If you can follow it at all, you will be amazed at the slowness of the effort. Were the dragon-fly a dull coloured creature, his flight would still make him magnificent. But when, as in many species, to his unparalleled flight he adds extreme brilliancy of colour, and in nearly every species handsome markings, you begin to realise what a splendid order of beings this is. And just because they are small we hardly trouble even to see them! we philosophers, who have assured ourselves that size is merely relative, and has nothing in it of the essential! So intelligent, so observative is the country population of England that not one of the forty odd species of British dragon-flies has so much as a vernacular name. So far as we know, the only recognition the yokel has ever accorded the dragon-flies is to call them "horse-stingers," apparently because they do not settle on horses, and cannot sting. Dragon-fly is a good name, for in every attribute but that of mere size they answer to the creature of the fairy tales. This dim perception of their place in nature does folklore reveal; for the old books also call them "fays" and we believe

"faeries." When they were first called dragon-flies it is hard to say. Perhaps their English historian, Mr. W. J. Lucas, can tell us? He has done much to vindicate these neglected insect-kings.

Here by the canal we may see rushing straight up and down stream, the king of these insect-kings, *Anax Imperator*, as science with more than scientific perception entitles him. Science which could and should always be poetic, sometimes is so. King and emperor this creature truly is. One of the very largest of dragon-flies, the brilliancy of his azure and black armour (for the dragon-fly is hard and smooth to touch, not feathery or furry as moth or butterfly) rivals the brightness of his hyaline wings. Grandly he sweeps along, as one of the Homeric heroes amidst the common crowd of fighters, for the dragon-flies are anything but children of peace. They are dragons in the bad as much as in the good sense. Imperator this very moment is hawking his prey, which must be living; he will touch nothing he has not killed.

It is hard to believe that this splendid creature was but a week or two ago a hideous, awkward wretch, a sort of spider to look at with enormous eyes, living down in the mud, which it exactly resembled in colour. The old entomologists were less fortunate in their name for these insects in their earlier stages under water, calling them nymphs. Anything more unlike a nymph whether in appearance or character it is hard to conceive. It would have been more to the point had they called them "devils." See one of these monsters, with a turn of the huge head, mark a fly struggling on the surface, slowly crawl up and suddenly shoot out its "mask" (a sort of grappler) and seizing the wretched creature drag it struggling under water and turning head downwards slowly devour it, and "devil" will seem a very appropriate name. Look at this low, creeping thing and then see the dragon-fly, perhaps standing by the cast-off form, a perfect shell of its old self from which it has emerged, and one can believe in the worst man becoming an angel. God who could work the one miracle can work the other.

Yet still greater for their greater number is the colour effect of the lesser order of dragon-flies which more happily might be likened to sylphs than dragons. Their slender bodies, and fragile forms, set off with the most brilliant tints, give them an air of the unearthly. Essentially they seem children of light. By the canal you may see hundreds at a time of the brilliant blue "fay" (to adopt the old and happier term) named "the girl" (*Agrion Puella*). The blue is so intense that in the full sun they seem almost to emit living rays of azure; the Purple Emperor butterfly or the bluest wild flower pales its ineffectual tint beside them. Then there is a crimson sylph and a green and a bronze, all joining in the dragon-flies' dance. Truly this little corner is a merry world. It is a masque and a revel; and as other revels it has its tragedies. Every now and then one of these gay creatures goes under. Whelmed in the water it flutters painfully and drowns. Very likely it will be made prey of before it dies, may be by one of its own kind, waiting below. For in the dragon-flies' society they all live on one another. Still it is a gay world.

HYPNOTISM.

THE phenomena grouped under the name hypnotism depend essentially on the organisation and functions of the nervous system. The common knowledge of that system includes the existence and general functions of two kinds of nerves. These are sensory nerves, along which there run to the nerve-cells of brain and spinal cord, stimulations received from sensitive external surfaces, such as the skin or lining membrane of the nose; and motor nerves, along which there pass outwards from the central nerve-cells to the muscles the excitations which bid these contract and so give rise to movements. We all know the simpler relations between these streams of propagating impulses. When the hand of a sleeping person is gently tickled with a feather, an impulse passes up a sensory nerve and arouses activity in a relatively simple group of nerve-cells, and the result of this activity is a set of impulses travelling

down motor nerves to such muscles as, by contracting, will move the hand from the external irritation. A prolonged or deeper irritation of the skin will awaken more complicated groups of nerve-cells with correspondingly more complicated motor outflow and resulting action. This coupling of sensory and motor impulses takes place in centres more localised than brain and spinal cord. Most of the great organic functions of the body maintain activity by a local interaction of sensory and motor impulses meeting in a ganglionic centre situated in the organ itself. The heart, for instance, performs its rhythm of systole and diastole under the guidance of an intrinsic nerve supply, and this is so complete that a heart, isolated from a body, and stimulated by a fluid simulating blood can be got to maintain its beating.

Consideration of the nerve supply of the heart leads us directly to that lesser known action of the nervous system which lies at the root of the phenomena of hypnotism. In addition to its intrinsic and practically automatic nerve supply, the heart, and, indeed, most of the great organs of the body, receive nerve-fibrils the action of which, termed inhibitory, has hardly yet become part of common knowledge. Stimulation of the inhibitory fibres, whether it be done artificially, or arise from some natural discharge of nerve energy from the brain, lessens, or in the extreme case arrests, the contractions of the heart. The origination of these inhibitions may come from the most varied sources. In the case of the heart, a blow on the abdomen, the shock of a copious iced draught on the walls of the stomach, the sudden stimulus of intense pain produced in any part of the system, may excite the inhibitory fibres; or the impulse may originate in the higher centres of the brain itself, as when a violent gust of emotion or of passion or of intellectual excitement shakes the house of life to its foundations.

Like the heart, the higher centres of the brain may themselves be inhibited. The most obvious and familiar instance of this is the action of an anæsthetic; the unconscious patient is of course alive, but while the action of the drug persists, the higher centres of the brain are so to speak switched off from the body and are no longer reached by impulses coming through the senses, or even by the violent instigations of pain. The condition of sleep is a less intense instance of a similar phenomenon, quite possibly caused by the slow accumulation during waking hours of a narcotic poison within the brain cells. In sleep, although not to the same extent as in narcosis, impulses from without find difficulty in reaching the cortex of the brain; gentler stimuli are shut off completely, stronger stimuli may cause the sleeper to moan or to move or may actually arouse him from his condition. The hypnotic state is a similar inhibition of the higher centres, ranging from a profound condition, almost identical with catalepsy, to a condition more akin to waking life than the lightest slumber. It may be produced in a number of ways. First, and most important, it has nothing to do with magnetism, although it was associated with that by the celebrated physician Mesmer who first popularised the phenomena. Nothing is more certainly established by modern physiology than that magnets and magnetism have no effect on living substance, and it is equally certain that there is nothing resembling a magnetic current or mystical fluid passing from the operator to the patient. The agencies that can be made to excite the inhibition are varied. Snake-charmers succeed by a slight pressure on the neck in making suddenly motionless an erect, excited, hissing asp. Father Kircher's well-known *experimentum mirabile de imaginatione gallinæ* consisted in suddenly seizing with a firm grip an excited fowl and laying it carefully upon its back, when, after a few brief attempts to escape, it lay motionless. Similar methods have succeeded with guinea pigs, rabbits, pigeons, frogs, crabs and crayfish, and in some of these cases the inhibition of the higher centres is so complete that even the stimulus of considerable pain fails to arouse them. In the case of human beings, the inhibition can be produced by various kinds of monotonous stimulation of sensory tracts, as for instance by the sound of falling water, or by continued gazing at some glittering object such as a shining piece of glass or metal, a gas-flame, a

revolving mirror or even the eye of the operator. Pressing on the eyeballs, gentle stroking of the head, or even in the case of a willing or experienced subject the voice of the operator, may produce the result, especially after the habit has been acquired. The most important consideration in all attempts to produce the hypnotic state is the readiness of the patient to submit by making his mind a blank and by resigning himself placidly in the same fashion as he would resign himself to the onset of natural sleep. In actual practice operators attempt to produce this placid condition by allowing new patients to see others being "put to sleep," before they themselves are influenced, and it is found practically impossible to produce the result against the will of the patient. The hypnotic state, then, is a condition in which the higher centres of the brain are inhibited, and it is similar to, although by no means identical with, the conditions of narcosis and of sleep. For long its undoubted phenomena were in the hands of vulgar charlatans or of public performers, but for some time past in France, Germany, America, and this country reputable physicians have been studying the modes of producing the state with the special view of utilising it in the treatment of disease. The extent of these investigations and their general nature may be seen in many foreign works or in such a volume as that by Dr. Lloyd Tuckey.* Without entering into medical minutiae, it is just possible to give a general idea of the mode in which the state may be used as a therapeutic agent. When a person is in natural sleep it is frequently possible to whisper to him without awakening him, and the whisper may enter into what may be called his dream-consciousness. This kind of receptivity differs with individuals and is frequently well marked in sleep-walkers, who, without awakening, may act on ideas suggested or even give apparently natural but unconscious answers to them. In the hypnotic state this receptivity is extremely well marked so that the patient appears almost to be an automaton controlled by the operator. Moreover the result of the inhibition of the greater part of the higher centres is that the patient is in a condition of perfect "attention" so that whatever suggestion is conveyed to him is firmly planted in his memory and may be acted upon after emergence from the hypnotic state. Naturally the first and greatest field for the employment of treatment by suggestion is that wide series of neurotic conditions the chief feature of which is dependence on unconscious or conscious habit. The drink habit, the morphia habit, the smoking habit and tricks like biting the nails or gnawing the moustache have been treated with remarkable success, the new ideas implanted during unconsciousness remaining to fight against the old suggestions. There has been a smaller but appreciable success in breaking down associations between external stimuli and nerve-storms such as those of neuralgia or the respiratory spasms of asthma. The more extreme advocates of the treatment are prepared to extend its application almost indefinitely. They rely on such experiments as the famous result of Hunter, who by concentrating his attention on part of his skin was able to produce a flushing in that part. They suggest that, by training, an association may be established between the central nervous system and almost any part of the body, and that through this connexion, the operator may act upon functions or tissues apparently hopelessly beyond the control of the higher parts of the brain. It would be easy to raise a thousand objections to the claims of the more enthusiastic among those who follow the methods of Bernheim and Liébault, but it is enough as yet to say that treatment by suggestion in the hypnotic state is neither a delusion nor a thoroughly established method. Its basis is fixed on physiological fact, and the future alone will reveal the lines of the superstructure. But those who have anything to do with it as patients or as operators have to bear in mind that they are dealing with the arcana of conscious life. No doubt the dangers and possibilities have been wildly exaggerated by the novelist and popular writer, but enough is known to be

* "Treatment by Hypnotism and Suggestion; or, Psycho-therapeutics." By C. Lloyd Tuckey, M.D. Fourth edition. London: Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 1900. 7s. 6d.

certain that any production of the inhibition should be done only by the trained physician, with all the obvious precautions suggested by ordinary medical experience.

EARLY FLORENTINE PAINTING.*

MR. BERENSON'S excellent handbook to the study of the early Florentine painters originally appeared in 1896, the second of a series of handbooks of which the first had dealt with the painters of Venice and the Venetian territory. The volume on the Central Italian Painters has since come out; but the last of the series, on "The North Italian Painters," has yet to appear. In the present reissue, the text of the book is republished without any material alteration; but the lists of the painters' works, as Mr. Berenson tells us in his preface, "have been thoroughly revised, and some of them considerably increased. Botticini, Pier Francesco Fiorentino, and Amico di Sandro have been added, partly for the intrinsic value of their work, and partly because so many of their pictures are exposed to public admiration under greater names." Of the text of the volume it is unnecessary to speak at length. Mr. Berenson's writings are slowly winning their way among us, not only by reason of the immense industry and good judgment by which he has continued the work, begun by Morelli, of systematically "connoisseurising" the pictures of the early Italian masters; but also on account of his unflinching attempt to disengage and illustrate the essential, the purely pictorial, qualities of painting, and to estimate the real importance of the various masters from that point of view, in contradistinction to the merely traditional estimates of them, which too often have been determined by considerations of a very different kind. My present purpose, however, is to discuss the additional lists, and new attributions (or at least some of them) to be found at the end of the book. The method which Mr. Berenson follows of giving the result of his researches in the briefest of indices hardly does justice either to the industry or judgment with which he pursues his studies: for it is only the reader who comes to his books almost as well equipped as Mr. Berenson himself that is able to translate on his own account these short-hand notes into the comprehensive and original commentaries on the painters in question, which they really are.

One of the masters whose works Mr. Berenson now enumerates for the first time is Pier Francesco Fiorentino, whom Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in the new Florentine edition of their History of Painting in Italy confuse with "Il Graffione," the disciple of Baldovinetti. It is only in the churches of San Gimignano, and the country round, that Pier Francesco can be properly seen and studied. On a dated altarpiece in San Agostino, he signs himself "Presbyter:" this is almost the only personal fact which is known about him. He is a kind of lesser Florentine Crivelli. He must have learned his trade under one of the first Florentine masters; Mr. Berenson suggests Fra Angelico, though the name of Alessio Baldovinetti, I think, might be urged with equal probability. His earliest pictures date from about the time of Pesellino's death in 1457: and he makes copies not only after Pesellino but after Fra Filippo. One fresco at San Gimignano, apparently one of his latest works, is dated 1497. Like Crivelli, he had a remarkable and very individual sense of decoration, especially in his earlier pictures: and again like Crivelli, he early went to live in the country (he probably had a cure at San Gimignano) where he remained throughout a long lifetime, away from the world of new ideas which was being created at Florence, and unconscious of the changes which the art of painting was undergoing at the hands of the immediate predecessors of Leonardo and Michelangelo. In the National Gallery is a picture by him of the Virgin and Child, with S. John and an Angel, No. 1199, painted in the centre of a "tondo," the background and border of which are elaborately worked in "gesso"

and gilt. It is a late work, and by no means one of his finer things. In the Gallery at Berlin is a panel, No. 71A, for which Pier Francesco has used the same cartoon of the Virgin and Child; but in this instance, the figures are relieved against a very decorative hedge of roses; and last year, in the collection of Conte Minutoli Tegrini, at Lucca, I found a third version, unfortunately much repainted, against a plain gold background.

Pier Francesco was in the habit of repeating his pictures with a persistence that has something of the modern in it. In the little Museo di S. Apollonia, at Florence, is a large copy by him of the beautiful altarpiece by Fra Filippo Lippi, once in the chapel of the Palazzo Medici, and now in the Berlin Gallery, No. 69. In the Gallery of S. Maria Nuova, at Florence, is a "colmo" or small devotional painting for a chamber (No. 15), in which Pier Francesco has used the figure of the Child and the upper half of the figure of the Virgin in Fra Filippo's altarpiece. Another such "colmo" by him is in the collection of Mr. Charles Butler, in London, a third belongs to Mr. Henry Wagner, in London, a fourth was lately in the hand of an antiquary at Florence. Indeed, I could name four or five such pictures which Mr. Berenson has omitted to mention. In every case the figures of the Virgin and Child are repeated from the Berlin altarpiece; but the other details are varied: sometimes he introduces a half figure of S. John, and sometimes the figure of God the Father from the same picture.

The little panel in the Morelli collection at Bergamo, No. 36, which Morelli himself took to be an original by Pesellino, is now found to be a copy by Pier Francesco, of a picture at Altenburg, No. 79, which Mr. Berenson attributes to Pesellino. It approaches very nearly in style to Fra Filippo; moreover, the small dimensions of the panel on which it is painted preclude the conjecture that it is the picture mentioned by Vasari, which Pesellino executed for the Compagnia di San Giorgio. Another little panel which has always borne the name of Fra Filippo, "The Meeting of Joachim and Anna," in the University Galleries at Oxford, No. 12, Mr. Berenson ascribes to Pesellino: in this attribution, I confess, I am unable to follow him. In addition to these he has added no less than five panels to the meagre list of Pesellino's works, which appeared in the first edition.

On turning to Mr. Berenson's list of Botticelli's works we find that the early Madonna and Child which was lately in the possession of Prince Chigi, at Rome, has found its way into the collection of Mrs. J. L. Gardner of Boston, U.S.A. Mr. Berenson, I see, comes to a conclusion, which I have long held, that the "Salvator Mundi," in the Morelli collection at Bergamo, must be regarded as a work of some disciple of Botticelli's, and not of the master himself: but there is yet another panel which I think he ought to exclude from his list, the so-called "Outcast," in the collection of Prince Pallavicini, at Rome.

Other additions no less notable appear in the lists of the works of Uccello, Baldovinetti, the Pollaiuoli, Filippino Lippi, and indeed of almost every master. Among the additional works ascribed to the Pollaiuoli is the beautiful little painting of Hercules and Nessus, No. 64, in the collection given to Yale College, U.S.A., by James Jackson Jarves, in whose "Art Studies," New York, 1861, it was engraved. To Mr. Berenson's list of the works in sculpture by the Pollaiuoli must be added the relief in "gesso," evidently representing an allegory of Discord, in the South Kensington Museum, No. 251, 1876, attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. This, no doubt, is "The Battle of the Nudes," of which the original, a relief in bronze, says Vasari, was sent into Spain: but, he adds, "n'è una impronta di gesso in Firenze appresso tutti l'artefici." Its importance as illustrating the influence of Antonio Pollaiuoli over Leonardo da Vinci in the representation of the nude can hardly be over-estimated; it is one of the greater treasures of the South Kensington Museum.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum have been singularly infelicitous in exposing some of their least admirable pieces of sculpture under the most pompous names, and of prejudicing many of their most precious possessions by means of erroneous labels.

* "The Florentine Painters of the Renaissance, with an Index to their Works." By Bernhard Berenson. Second Edition revised. New York: Putnam's. 1900. 4s. 6d.

The little terra-cotta figure which they exhibit as a work by Raphael, has long since been discredited by every critic who is able to see and think for himself: but the marble statue of Cupid has been generally accepted, and by Mr. Berenson, who very rightly rejects the marble S. John in the Berlin Museum. If this statue of Cupid is really the work which the authorities at South Kensington pretend it to be, then it must be compared with the statue of Bacchus, in the Bargello, at Florence. The Bacchus is distinguished by its unflinching knowledge of the nude, by the mastery of its execution, and by the beauty of all the details. The Cupid, on the contrary, is distinguished by no such knowledge of the human form: it is tentative and undecided, both in design and execution. The right leg, especially in the modelling of the calf where it is pressed against the thigh, and the ankle shows a want of knowledge which is not to be found in the earliest work of Michel Angelo. Again unlike the Bacchus is the almost clumsy design of the details, such as the hair, or the quiver and drapery that lie on the base. In short, this Cupid is Michel-Angelesque, but certainly not by Michel Angelo. It is impossible in a review of this kind to discuss this point as it ought to be discussed; but even though I may fail to convince my reader, my chief object will have been accomplished, if I have drawn his attention to the value of Mr. Berenson's little book.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHINESE SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that the allies are in Peking and the Ministers safe, the question arises what form should the coming settlement assume?

1. An indemnity is a matter of course, as well as an apology: further the expenses to which the various Powers have been put have been so enormous, that some sort of control of the Chinese treasury will probably have to be demanded and placed in the hands of an International Commission.

2. If complicity in the anti-foreign risings, or worse in the attacks on the Legations, can be brought home to the Empress Dowager, she ought to be both deposed and deported: it is rather a far cry to St. Helena but Ceylon would serve as well. Her conduct has been suspicious enough to warrant her deposition in any case, and care must be taken to see that this deposition is real and not a sham.

Prince Tuan is reported to have headed the attacks on the Legations: if this can be proved he should be hanged in Peking. Unless he can clearly prove his innocence, deportation should be his fate even if only connivance and not actual participation in the attacks is proved. His son's succession to the throne should be barred. Speaking generally, our effort should be not to slaughter a lot of misled coolies, even if proved to have actually fought against the Legations, but to get hold of a few of the ringleaders and make a striking example of them.

3. The great danger to Foreign Residents in Chinese cities and suburbs consists in the network of narrow lanes and alleys that surrounds the Foreign quarter: when a riot is brewing these form, so to speak, swarming places for the rioters, who then rush in overwhelming numbers upon the settlement. The remedy would appear to be to take a hint from Baron Haussmann's work in Paris and draw a "neutral zone," some 200 to 300 yards wide, right round the foreign quarter: no building or trenching should be allowed in this zone, which should be reserved for grazing only. Mobs are cowardly concerns and would hesitate a good deal about facing the open space, especially if a few Maxims were known to be placed "convenient" on the foreigners' side. No doubt this remedy would be expensive, but that is no great disadvantage; for the sooner a nation, which goes in for occasionally pillaging and murdering its guests, learns that the amusement costs more than it can afford, the better. As matter of fact however the expense

would not be so very great: generally speaking the concessions and settlements where foreigners live are situated outside, and at some little distance from, the walls of the native city, and the neck through which the zone would have to be cut is commonly of no great width. In Peking the Legation quarter should be similarly isolated, and the portion of the city wall between the points where the zone touched it should be handed over to be guarded by the Legations.

Stringent measures should be adopted for putting an end to the stoning and assaults of which Peking residents have of late complained so much. The prohibition to walk on the city walls (a very great deprivation in view of the foulness of the streets) should be withdrawn.

4. The chief changes required in the interests of commerce appear to be—(a) The abrogation of likin and transit dues in return for an increase in the import and export duties. At present goods on importation pay tariff duty (which was originally calculated on a basis of 5 per cent. ad valorem). If required for consumption or sale at an inland mart, the goods have either to pay likin (and probably "squeezes" besides) at the barriers en route, or they can be furnished, on payment of an extra 2½ per cent., with a "transit pass" which frees them from all inland dues up to the place mentioned therein. The intention of the framers of the treaty probably was that the extra 2½ per cent. was to free the foreign goods from all further dues or exactions whatever, but unfortunately it has been held that this is not the case and on arrival at the place named in the transit pass further exactions are levied. Again this is done when the original packages are broken up and the goods distributed retail. As a tax, 5 per cent. or even 7½ per cent. ad valorem is extremely lenient treatment: the present United States import tariff levies, if I remember rightly, something over 40 per cent. on certain goods. But the uncertainty of the ultimate amount represented by tariff duty, plus transit due, plus further exactions, harasses and hinders trade, and the continual stoppages at the various barriers for examination and stamping the passes &c. no doubt offers further opportunities to the underpaid barrier officials.

Import duty of 7 per cent. or 7½ per cent. ad valorem and on payment absolutely free circulation of goods would, I believe, bring about a great development of trade with China. The treatment of exports should follow similar lines: in this case the difficulties are of course greater, but the present clumsy and inefficient system of passes, bonds, certificates and fines tends to strangle trade and should be done away with at all costs.

(b) Freedom of steam navigation on internal waters was granted a few years ago, but the privilege was promptly rendered valueless by a maze of regulations. The Inspector-General of Customs was greatly blamed for these, but probably without justice; while the likin barriers were allowed to exist, their interests had to be considered. Once these barriers are done away with as recommended in (a), steam navigation on the inland waters may be expected to have most valuable results on trade.

(c) Residence in the interior for purposes of trade should be granted: such residence is allowed to missionaries, and there is no reason why a similar permission should be withheld from traders. A certain amount of consular regulation of this privilege would be requisite, as it would be unfair to require the native officials to protect a foreigner of whose presence in their district they might be unaware.—Yours &c.,

A FORMER RESIDENT IN TIEN-TSIN.

THE SHANGHAI SETTLEMENTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Thatched House Club, 23 August.

SIR,—You remarked, last week, that your comparison of the population of the French and the Anglo-American settlements at Shanghai was imperfect in that the latest census of the former to which you had access was dated 1895. The "North China Herald" of 11 July gives the results of a fresh census taken in June last. The number of foreigners residing in the French Settlement

on that date was 622, of whom 218 were French, 71 British, 46 German and Austrian, 22 Belgians, 13 Americans and 3 Russians. The Chinese resident population was 80,000 besides 4,000 afloat and 7,000 in passage. It will be seen that the difference does not affect the inference you drew.—I am, yours, R. S. G.

SECONDARY SCHOOLMASTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

City of London School, 21 August, 1900.

SIR,—Amidst the numerous changes now transpiring and likely to transpire in the world of education it is important—if only for the sake of the public—that the office of assistant masters in secondary schools should be put on a more satisfactory basis. Indeed, were it not for the fact that the higher organs of public opinion, including the London press, look generously and with sympathy on his case the assistant master might consider the latter almost hopeless. Hence whilst the powers that be have shown a tendency to ignore, if not even to snub, the assistant master, the "Times" and other leading papers by reporting his meetings and giving occasional leaders on his grievances have done much to restore his equanimity.

I am not therefore without hope that the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW will, if space permit and the cause seems just, exert his great influence in a similar direction.

In the first place as to salaries. From an article on "Salaries" in the "Contemporary" for this month by Mr. W. H. D. Rouse of Rugby I gather that the average salary of an assistant is less than £120 a year, that of a head master being generally about ten times as much. Mr. Rouse mentions one public school where the head receives £5,000 a year and the assistants average less than £200 per annum each.

Considering that the purely professional part of the work, namely the teaching, is discharged, in the case of the vast majority of boys, by the assistant, and that the head, in many public schools, can scarcely be expected even to know all the boys, I venture to think that many parents will read these figures with surprise and misgiving lest work left in the hands of men so poorly remunerated may be inefficient. As regards pensions none of our leading magazines has published anything on the subject, though some schools, such as Rossall and the City of London, have efficient pension schemes. Generally speaking an assistant master's prospect on retirement is, if possible, even worse than when on active service. In cases of serious illness and greatly reduced circumstances grants are occasionally made from the Society of Schoolmasters, but this excellent society is purely benevolent.

Over the ultimate fate of many assistants perhaps it is only charitable to draw a veil. This is the more to be lamented since the teaching profession is the only one in which, after forty, the value of service has, if anything, a downward tendency.

Thirdly, it must be borne in mind that assistant masters are hampered in their discharge of duty by insecurity of tenure. They are in most schools liable to dismissal, without any right of appeal. A great deal has been made of the Grantham case where the Assistant Masters' Association scored a decided success, but the Grantham case was only a victory against irregularity of dismissal and at present the main grievance is totally without remedy.

Notwithstanding what I have just written there are happily a few of our schools where, as regards salary, pensions, and security of office, things are on a much more satisfactory basis, and it is devoutly to be desired for the sake of education that all schools may be raised to a similar level.

Believe me, Sir, your obedient servant,
A. G. MUNRO,

Treasurer of the Assistant Masters' Association.

[We endorse our correspondent's contention without reserve. We have uniformly insisted that the key to the problem of education is the teacher. Books, buildings &c. are quite secondary matters. Obviously we cannot get good teachers unless they are adequately

paid and their position recognised and assured as its importance demands.—Ed. S. R.]

OUR NAVY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Sailors' Rest, Portsmouth.

SIR,—The country is proud of her navy, and is ready to do anything to increase the efficiency of her naval service. Our ships of war, and our munitions of war, must be of the newest type. Truly the gun is important, but the "man behind the gun" is more important still. The personnel of our navy is good, but it is none too large, and our reserve is small as well. When a man is trained, the great point is to retain him in the service, and not to lose him at the end of his first ten years. "Trifles make the sum of human life." This is true in the navy, and out of it, and while much is done by the country for our wounded and invalided men, and for widows and mothers, much remains to be done, many "missing links" need taking up. Every day men are invalided out of the navy without work, without pension, and often with insufficient clothing. Help for a few weeks would set many a blue-jacket or marine, worn by sickness, on his feet again. A warm suit of clothes would be a great boon to many a man on leaving hospital for civil life. And when a man is returned on his family, and that family struggling to live, "recruiting money" for a few weeks, to enable him to recruit his health without being a burden on his dear ones, would be money laid out at good interest. I am ready to do all this for our men, and a great deal more, in their time of weakness and sorrow.—Yours very truly, AGNES E. WESTON.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND WAVERLEY ABBEY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ivy House, Farnham, Surrey, 18 August, 1900.

SIR,—Many writers have stated that Sir Walter Scott derived the title of the "Waverley Novels" from the abbey of that name here through reading the "Annales Waverlienses." Some have expressed regret that he never visited the monastery and have suggested that, had he seen the old Cistercian ruin only once, it would have suggested a fine plot.

In a brochure I have recently written ("Farnham Past and Present") I mentioned that Sir Walter had not visited Farnham. Two days since I received a letter which conclusively proves that Sir Walter did know Waverley Abbey personally.

The Rev. Owen C. S. Lang, rector of Bentley, Hampshire, tells me that Sir Walter Scott visited his grandfather, Mr. Robert Lang, the then owner of Moor Park, Farnham, early in this century, and it is a well authenticated fact in his family. As Moor Park—the home of Sir William Temple and the scene of some of Jonathan Swift's work—is not a mile from Waverley Abbey, this almost conclusively shows that Sir Walter Scott must have seen and known a good deal about that Abbey. This appears to me to settle a much disputed point.—I am, sir, yours faithfully, ARTHUR HART.

BEEES AND THE HEAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Bury, 18 August, 1900.

SIR,—May I be permitted to call attention to what seems to be an inaccuracy on the part of your reviewer in the article in your last issue entitled "Tennyson's First Editor"? He suggests an error in the lines

"The golden bee

Is lily-cradled: I alone awake,"

and says "it is precisely in the hot high noon that bees are busiest."

During the hot weather in July I often found bees asleep, or "in a torpid posture," about noon or early afternoon. I found them most frequently in nasturtium flowers. I therefore think Tennyson was describing what he had actually seen.—I am yours faithfully,

J. B. CROMPTON.

THE LOOM OF DREAMS.

I BROIDER the world upon a loom,
I broider with dreams my tapestry;
Here in a little lonely room
I am master of earth and sea,
And the planets come to me.

I broider my life into the frame,
I broider my love, thread upon thread;
The world goes by with its glory and shame,
Crowns are bartered and blood is shed:
I sit and broider my dreams instead.

And the only world is the world of my dreams,
And my weaving the only happiness;
For what is the world but what it seems?
And who knows but that God, beyond our guess,
Sits weaving worlds out of loneliness?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH POETS OF TO-DAY.

"Poètes d'Aujourd'hui (1880-1900): Morceaux Choisis."
Paris: Mercure de France. 1900.

M. A. VAN BEVER and Paul Léautaud have made an excellent and most useful book in this volume of 400 pages, containing selections from thirty-four contemporary French poets (all except seven of whom are still living), together with biographical notices and elaborate bibliographies, not merely of the works of each poet, but of the books and articles which have been written about him. The choice of poets has been, on the whole, excellent; though indeed one misses a name like that of M. van Lerberghe, and one sees with surprise a name like that of M. Maurice Magre. The choice of poems seems to have been carefully made; but to criticise the choice at all would merely be to suggest a fresh anthology. Here, at all events, individual taste has its own right to exist. All that we can ask is, that the poems chosen should do their writers credit.

They do; but, it may occur to us to ask, not in criticism of this particular book, but on wider grounds, what sort of credit? Here is the list of poets, in the alphabetical order in which they are placed: Henry Barbusse, Henry Bataille, Tristan Corbière, André Fontainas, Paul Fort, René Ghil, Fernand Gregh, Charles Guérin, A. Ferdinand Herold, Francis Jammes, Gustave Kahn, Jules Laforgue, Raymond de la Tailhède, Pierre Louÿs, Maurice Maeterlinck, Maurice Magre, Stéphane Mallarmé, Camille Mauclair, Stuart Merrill, Ephraïm Mikhaël, Robert de Montesquiou, Jean Moréas, Pierre Quillard, Henri de Régnier, Adolphe Retté, Jean-Arthur Rimbaud, Georges Rodenbach, Albert Samain, Emmanuel Signoret, Laurent Tailhade, Paul Valéry, Emile Verhaeren, Paul Verlaine, Francis Vielé-Griffin. It is a formidable list, and probably most of the names will be as little known to English readers as the names of a similar list of contemporary English poets would be known to French readers. The name of Mr. Watson, for instance, is among our best-known names: it had never been heard in France until, a year or so ago, M. Davray wrote a clever and by no means flattering article about him in the "Mercure de France." The name of Mr. Davidson is still unknown. We must therefore guard ourselves from supposing that because we have never heard of, for instance, M. Albert Samain, that writer is equally unknown in France. It would be amusing, and not perhaps unprofitable, to set French and English writers against one another; to compare, not indeed the merits, but the literary position of Mr. Yeats and M. Moréas, of Mr. Watson and M. de Régnier, of Mr. Davidson and M. Verhaeren, of Mr. Thompson and M. Retté, of Mr. Phillips and M. Gregh, of Mr. Le Gallienne and M. Raymond de la Tailhède. In France, as in England, there are two kinds of poetical reputation, and in France these two kinds may

be defined as the reputation of the Latin Quarter and the reputation of the Boulevards. In England a writer like Mr. Francis Thompson is, after all, known to only a very narrow circle, even though many, in that circle, look upon him as the most really poetical poet of his generation. In France, M. Vielé-Griffin is greatly admired by the younger men, quite as much, perhaps, as M. de Régnier, but he is not read by the larger, outside public which has, at all events, heard of M. de Régnier. These fine shades of reputation are not easily recognised by the foreigner; they have, indeed, nothing to do with the question of actual merit; but they have, all the same, their interest, if only as an indication of the condition and tendency of public opinion.

If we go further, and try to compare the actual merit of the younger French and English poets, we shall find some difficulty in coming to any very definite conclusion. To certain enthusiasts for exotic things, it has seemed as if the mere fact of a poem being written in French gives it an interest which it could not have had if it had been written in English. When the poem was written by Verlaine or by Mallarmé, yes; but now that Verlaine and Mallarmé are gone? Well, there is still something which gives, or seems to give, French verse an advantage over English. The movement which began with Baudelaire, and culminated in Verlaine, has provided, for every young man who is now writing French verse, a very helpful kind of tradition, which leaves him singularly free within certain definite artistic limits. It shows him, not a fixed model, but the suggestion of innumerable ways in which to be himself. All modern French verse is an attempt to speak straight, and at the same time to speak beautifully. "L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-même," said Verlaine, and all these poets who are writing "vers libre," and even those who are not writing "vers libre," are content to be absolutely themselves, and to leave externalities perhaps even too much alone. What we see in England is exactly the contrary. We have had our traditions, and we have worn them out, without discovering a new form for ourselves. When we try to be personal in verse, the personal emotion has to mould anew every means of expression, every time; and it is rarely that we succeed in so difficult a task. For the most part we write poems for the sake of writing poems, choosing something outside ourselves to write about, and bringing it into no permanent relation with ourselves. Our English verse-writers offer us a ballad, a sonnet, an eclogue; and it is a flower without a root, springing from no deep soil in the soul. The verse is sometimes excellent verse, but it is not a personal utterance; it is not a mood of a temperament, but something outside a temperament. In France, it is true, we often get the temperament and nothing else. And, in France, all these temperaments seem stationary; they neither change nor develop; they remain self-centred, and in time we become weary of seeing their pale reflections of themselves. Here, we become weary of poets who see everything in the world but themselves, and who have no personal hold upon the universe without. Between the too narrowly personal and a too generalised impersonality, there remains, in France and in England, a little exquisite work, which is poetry. Is it important, or even possible, to decide whether there is a little more of it to be found in the books of English or of French poets?

A CENTURY OF ALPS.

"Travels through the Alps." By Professor Forbes.
Edited by W. A. B. Coolidge. London: Black.
1900.

"The Alps from End to End." By Sir Martin Conway.
Second Edition. London: Constable. 1900. 6s.

"Cycling in the Alps." By C. L. Freeston. London:
Grant Richards. 1900.

THE flow of Alpine literature has sensibly abated this year. Perhaps the war has provided some kind of substitute in the flood of books which the correspondents have remorselessly poured out upon the public. Both forms of literature find a common meeting point in their satisfaction of that craving for books of

adventure, which, if it is satisfied in one way, needs less satisfaction in another. When peace returns, the climber will be busy again, and the gentlemen who sit at home at ease will find in stories of adventure the same kind of thrill which they now look for in diaries from Ladysmith and stories of Mafeking. If the soldier takes his life in his hand, so does the climber; and both are very often short of tinned food. For the present the mountaineers are probably holding over their books until the war is over. We are still waiting for the story of Sir Martin Conway's climbs in South America: we hope that we may soon look for another fascinating volume from Mr. Douglas Freshfield, recording his experiences in the Himalayas. Meanwhile Sir Martin has shrewdly chosen the interval of slackness to bring out a new edition of his record of that famous journey which he took from end to end of the Alps; and Mr. Coolidge has collected into one volume the various papers written in the forties and fifties by Professor Forbes, one of the earliest pioneers of the English Alpine school.

The two books form an interesting contrast. They show the progress made by the Alpine climber in the course of the half-century that intervenes between them. In these fifty years the level of familiarity may be said to have gone up by some 5,000 feet. The climber who counted it a sort of expedition to reach a high mountain village like Zermatt or Evolena fifty years ago, finds himself in those places to-day still at home—by his fireside so to speak—and hardly counts himself as having started until at least he reaches the huts that have been built many thousands of feet beyond. Victorious man in short has carried his domination further towards the skies, and has annexed whole regions which were formerly under the undisputed sway of nature. Nature indeed sometimes disagrees, and by means of stones and avalanches and other armaments accumulated in the course of ages breaks out against invading man, drives him back from her citadels and even cuts his communication in the valleys. But these rebellions last only for a day: the victorious march is resumed, and the place of slaughter becomes an interesting memory. Every tourist with stout muscles can now tread the rocks down which Whymper's companions were hurled, and a cross by the wayside is generally all that marks the place where the Alpine martyr fell. Thus it is that Professor Forbes' narratives of his earlier expeditions have little more than historical interest for mountaineers of to-day. Even the measurements of the mountains have to be laboriously corrected by Mr. Coolidge, who brings to his task a fine scholarly accuracy and an intimate knowledge of the Alps. But it is always interesting to read the experiences of a brave and enterprising man, and travel in the high Alps required far more of such qualities in those days than it does now. Forbes climbed high mountains at a time before inns and huts, when the Swiss Alps were very much what the Pyrenees are now, beautiful to look at, but "gey ill to live with." But Forbes was always before all things a man of science, and his observations on the movement of glaciers still hold the field as accurate and interesting records of physical and mysterious phenomena. Nothing has so much puzzled scientific observers of all ages as those rivers of ice which we know as glaciers. Those who wish to divide the world into solids and fluids find themselves faced by something which seems neither fluid nor solid, but has the characteristics of both. To the outward eye the glaciers seems a fixed object without life or motion; to the observing eye they have a steady onward progress which is none the less real because it is slow. We all know Mark Twain's effort, undertaken after reading some work on glaciers, to travel by a glacier stream: and we all remember the unsatisfactory result. And yet his failure was due to lack of patience. You only have to wait long enough—say half a century—and you will emerge at the foot of any glacier.

Forbes' experiments on the Mer de Glace enabled him to lay down certain laws hidden from all the learned theorists who preceded him. He discovered for instance that the movement varies with heat and cold, summer and winter: that it is more rapid in the centre than at the side: that it is most rapid at the beginning and end of the glacier and slowest in the middle. But what-

ever the modifications, still it moves. It reaches an average which may be roughly placed at some 400 feet in a year. To move less than 140 yards in 365 days cannot be called a racing record, but still it separates a glacier most definitely from "solid" phenomena, and it justifies a comparison to the motion of a river rather than the motion of earth and rocks.

If these were the only results of Forbes' work Alpine students would always be indebted to him. But he performed even a greater task in rousing the interest of English travellers and directing their steps towards the Alps. We are all apt to forget that before his day the best Alpine work had been mostly achieved by foreigners. De Saussure in the Alps and Raimond in the Pyrenees had been the pioneers of Europe. It was Forbes' chief work to take the leadership out of their hands, and to form a connecting link between the Alps and England, helping to stimulate that profound interest in the mountains which took shape in the formation of the Alpine Club. For that we must always thank him.

Bicycling in the Alps has not hitherto been popular, except among a few enthusiasts like Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell. The Alpine bicyclist is not always a sight to provoke envy. We see him laboriously climbing the hillside, either pedalling against the laws of gravitation, or pushing his machine in the heat, and we reflect upon the superior wisdom of the humble pedestrian. Or if you meet him coming down he is not rarely in the last extreme of nervous fear, or perhaps if he be a German, he comes trailing behind his machine a heavy and unattractive pine log, which smothers you in dust and spoils the surface of the road. But Mr. Freeston does not believe that any of these trials are necessary. He has himself bicycled over ten of the highest Alpine passes, and he has embodied in the story of his travels many admirable practical hints derived from his experience. Take first the question of descent. Mr. Freeston does not believe that the pine-log is at all necessary. Armed with two brakes, one to each wheel, and always on the rims, he believes that you can descend the steepest Alpine pass, happily coasting with your feet on the footrests. This question of brakes is of course the most important, when your descent may be as long as twenty or thirty miles, and at every point you must be ready to stop the machine at will. The mere fatigue of holding the brake throughout this period is so great that Mr. Freeston recommends a double brake as giving you an opportunity of changing the pressure of the hand. He gives many other interesting hints, all of which will be useful to the practised cyclist who wishes to follow in his track. But the most important fact is that a man who has endured the labour of bicycling over ten passes should still retain his enthusiasm, and should recommend others to go and do likewise. There is no need to dwell upon the pleasures of the ride. Mr. Freeston admits the heavy strain involved in pushing your machine up the long ascents of the passes. But he points out that in no other way with less labour or tedium can you reach the high mountain region to which a bicycle will take you. Bicycling, in short, comes midway between pedestrianism and mountaineering, and though it cannot take you to the summits of peaks, it will enable you to penetrate a far grander region than you can reach upon your feet with any ease or comfort. As a practical handbook Mr. Freeston's book ought to be of great value. The writing is somewhat careless and perfunctory: but the book is well illustrated with excellent views of all the chief passes, and his descriptions of the routes ought to be of considerable use to those who attack the same passes as Mr. Freeston himself.

THE DECAY OF TRAGEDY.

"The Cave of Illusion." A Play in Four Acts. By Alfred Sutro, with an Introduction by Maurice Maeterlinck. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 3s. 6d.

"EXPERIENCE teaches us that it is no longer possible to write good tragedies." Such is the encouraging opening of Maeterlinck's preface to his friend's work. And he is not speaking of his own

personal failures, in this respect, but of the barrenness of the century; for examining "la haute poésie" during this period he finds no tragedies except "Atalanta in Calydon," and, perhaps, the Wagner libretti. Apparently the modern poet finds it safer to be lyrically vague and to give his imagination flight in a sublime atmosphere of mystic conjecture where few can follow and fewer still can criticise, than to step forward in the realms of actuality, to confine the action of his Muse to earthly possibilities; or, still worse, to imprison it within the wings of the theatre.

But it is not so much the distressing circumstances of actual representation (for it is not necessary or salutary that every tragedy should be acted) that deter the poet from the use of dramatic form. Maeterlinck recently occupied a good deal of the space in the "Fortnightly Review" with conjectures about the "Evolution of Mystery," whereby he means the changes in our theories regarding the mysterious governing forces of the universe. At present, according to Maeterlinck, the old "truths" (as he calls indifferently all theories however contradictory) such as divine intervention, claims of duty, fatality, are all discredited as inevitable motive powers, and we are at a loss to supply their place. Nor is he able after some twenty pages of inquiry into this state of affairs to supply us with a "truth" to go on with. The mystery is there certainly, but we are unable to give it a name—hence the decay of tragedy. The poet is no longer able to surround his creations with the mysterious awful atmosphere in which alone they can be truly tragic. Formerly the gods compelled and intervened, and poor humans were their puppets. But now that we may not admit "les anciennes," we are looking about for a "sentiment synthétique" which will give coherence and reasonableness to the complexities of the universe and supply the poet with the "motif" for his "interpretations of life."

There are however even in this moment of uncertainty poets sufficiently brave to make "sorties périlleuses" and to produce such "exceptions déconcertantes" as "The Powers of Darkness" "a horrible island floating on a banal river . . . scarlet with infernal smoke, but also wrapped in a pure white flame which springs from the primitive soul of Akim." This criticism by the way is not a great help towards estimating the true tragic value of Tolstoi's work.

Then there are "honorable tentatives" of which "The Cave of Illusion" is one. Poor Mr. Sutro has not succeeded in providing even so well as Ibsen and Tolstoi "ce troisième personnage mystérieux" which is indispensable to the "haut théâtre." Maeterlinck's prefatorial contention simply amounts to this. We have no stupendous machinery behind our puppets to give dignity to their actions, we have no supreme idea as an inevitable motive for the development of their course, no mysterious atmosphere to render them sacred and sublime, therefore we cannot write tragedies. With due deference to the poet, we are not prepared to admit either the truth of his premiss, or the justice of his conclusion. It is not certain that Racine and Shakespeare owed so much to the greater credibility of their times. But even taking it for granted that faith is dead, that duty is sneered at, immanent justice distrusted, and that there is nothing but what we see and what we ignore, is it so certain that tragedy depended on the lost supernatural machinery? Surely there is plenty of material in human nature, in the inevitableness of temperament, circumstances and environment, in the conflict of human wills and interests for the fashioning of poignant and essential tragedy. What we lack is the genius to fashion it and the market wherein to display it. Very few people care to read or see a tragedy, fewer still have a full appreciation of its significance, for few are capable of realising the intensity of the misery displayed. In real life people for the most part suffer as they enjoy, dully, they are capable neither of exalted ecstasy nor of abysmal despair—they touch neither the heights nor the depths of sensation. They travel, amazingly contented along the level road of common-sense, grasping a scanty comfort on all sides, unglorified by a suffering which they hardly feel, undisturbed by questionings. It is the hopeless agony of exceptional souls, the torture of the fully equipped mind in the extremity of human misery, the closing of adverse

powers round the passionate strength that would carve its way freely to satisfaction; the foretaste of hell for the guilty whose imagination can conjure up a possible retribution. Such are the elements of tragedy.

And so for the stage, only the minds capable of conceiving a great horror, an extreme suffering, can make a living tragedy. And then there is the difficulty of suitable diction. In real life the sufferer may and often does endure in silence; in mimicry, the audience must be put in possession of the workings of his soul in torment, and he must needs express himself in soliloquies since for purposes of plot he cannot share his secret with the other actors. And he must be neither unnatural nor commonplace, his emotion must be poetically articulate and passionately coherent. All this is very difficult to do and very deterrent to dramatists in general and to Mr. Sutro in particular. There is no objection to "The Cave of Illusion" being classed among Maeterlinck's "honorable tentatives," but it is not a tragedy; the motive is not sufficiently convincing, the principal personages are too feeble. It presents a problem which we are asked to believe occupies the minds of men to an extent which justifies its forming the motif of a serious play: Does the pursuit of Art absolve from moral obligations?

Art in the case of David Hollesdaile is made the excuse for following his own inclinations in the matter of another man's wife and for leaving her when he has grown weary. It is a poor excuse; for his art is no great matter after all, and we are somewhat puzzled as to what the author intends him to be—a charlatan, or a genius who deteriorates in spite of, or even because of his sacrifices of morality to art.

Alone of all the characters, he makes his entrance without the usual detailed description. We gather from the remarks of the other characters that he is handsome, shy and a genius known all over Europe, "his thoughts are unlike those of other men" which one might not unnaturally expect from a genius. Whatever his thoughts may have been, he certainly never says anything that would lead one to suppose he is out of the ordinary. Perhaps that is his shyness. Gabrielle Molyneux (the other man's wife) is David's inspiration (he has to hold her hand when he is writing), she is his patient listener and admirer, his "grande passion" and finally his encumbrance. He is convinced that he cannot write without her. Clara his intelligent but plain wife is not truly sympathetic, therefore he leaves her for Gabrielle who brings out what is best in him. Gabrielle too shines more in looks and ideas than in words, and David is the sole authority for her brilliance. The best drawn character is Clara. Nothing could be better in its way than the scenes between the jealous wife and Gabrielle and between the wife and husband. The dialogue is significant and probable, the situations convincing and even poignant in their reality and would prove intensely interesting in the acting. The selection of incident, the grouping, posing, and development of character all show evidences of considerable technical skill. The climax too is ingenious, for, contrary to expectation, Gabrielle's constant presence has a deteriorating effect on David's "art." She as a woman of taste perceives it, but it does not lessen her passion; he on the other hand, when the approval of his vulgar publisher brings home to him the worthlessness of his work, turns fiercely on Gabrielle and the play ends with a question.

If the "Cave of Illusion" is not a tragedy, neither even apart from its sad ending is it a comedy—humour is not Mr. Sutro's strong point—possibly he does not intend his characters to be witty, and the "comic relief," like all the other dwellers in the cave, are the victims of illusion, an illusion that they are amusing. We cannot help suspecting though that the author thinks Mrs. Mellissent epigrammatic when she says "I want to get near to the heart of man—therefore I offer him vests," referring to a bazaar where she is selling, also Lady Patterson when she replies "Some people are very . . . introspective . . . nowadays—I prefer to be superficial myself in the way of clothes"—which is meaningless and the worse for asterisks.

INDEX LOCORUM.

"Index to the Charters and Rolls in the Department of MSS. British Museum." Edited by Henry J. Ellis and Francis B. Bickley. London: British Museum. 1900.

IT is related of a well-known man of letters, lately, to the keen regret of all who knew him, taken from us, that he was fond of declaring that no man need be dull or reproach himself with the monotony of his lot even if stranded for hours in the remotest country inn so long as he can manage to secure the loan of a local directory, a pencil and a sheet of paper. Few half-paradoxes have a greater element of truth in them than this: though it would be well to add that out of local directories in such circumstances each reader will, in Miltonic phrase, get repayment only in proportion to the capital of knowledge and judgment that he is himself prepared to invest in the business. Few books, at first sight, would seem to offer less of instruction or entertainment than an "Index Locorum" or index to the place names contained in a miscellaneous collection of charters and other deeds ranging almost from the very earliest periods of our history down to our own century. Perhaps the most important use of the volume before us will be found, as its able editors remind us in their brief prefatory note, in the assistance which this copious collection of place names from documents, extending over more than a thousand years, will afford in tracing the "evolution of modern place-names from the early forms." But the interest of the work in the hands of an historian or antiquary born and bred will be far wider in its range. Nearly every page will suggest some reminiscence on which he would be glad to dwell; or suggest an actual or possible elucidation of some doubtful point. Does he notice on p. 474 the record of an "acquittance from the Hospital of St. Thomas of Acre" for the rent of "Le Swan on the Hoope," his mind flies back instinctively to that famous foundation established more than seven hundred years ago in the days of the Crusades in far-away Acre directly or indirectly by the sister of our English martyr, Thomas Becket—perhaps that very sister to whom Garnier de Pont Ste. Maxence dedicated his rhyming life of the dead saint almost in the very year of the murder: that sister of whom the French rhymist declares with an almost Chaucerian wealth of negatives that—

Better dame, from here to Patras
In no land will no man find.

"Le Swan on the Hoope" again suggests comparison with other house or inn signs of the mediæval or even of the modern world: with the "Isen atte Hop" in another document of the year 1353 A.D. on the same page; and the "Eagle on the Hop" on p. 481: all three entries alike calling up to memory what is perhaps the most banal line that Wordsworth perpetrated:

"And at the Hoop alighted, famous Inn."

On p. 800 under the heading of "Weston in Gordano" we not only have a word (Gordano) as to the precise meaning of which antiquaries are even now debating but a curious reference to property situated "subtus viam quæ vocatur *Benaker*" and are set wondering whether in the italicised word we have an old English word representing the modern Bean-field (Bean-acre; cf. "God's acre" for churchyard and the personal names Greenacre, Whitaker). On p. 664 we have the record of an almost if not quite forgotten incident in early English history in a charter of King Stephen's dated in 1139 "at the siege of Shrewsbury." On p. 826 the philologist will find a word which we believe has escaped the researches of Dr. Murray and his fellow-labourers in the New English Dictionary and will be set longing to get a sight of the actual document referred to so as to satisfy himself what were the duties inherent in the "bere-maistership" of Wirksworth in Derbyshire. Was the holder of this office a kind of ale-conner, or was he, by any possibility, a kind of local bear-warden charged with the duty of looking after that fine old English sport, on whose delights the Earl of Sussex waxed so Homerically eloquent before Queen Elizabeth in "Kenilworth"? To the local

historian the carefully arranged list of documents dated according to the years of mayoralty in London, Bristol and other places should be of great use. So far as Bristol, at all events, is concerned it would seem that we shall have to check the list of mayors given in Ricart's calendar in not a few particulars if the indications given in the book before us are correct. For example Ricart dates the mayoralty of Thomas Hamelesdene 1275 A.D. The "Index Locorum" gives 1284 A.D. Again the editors conjecturally make William de Beaumont and Robert of Kilmainham provosts of Bristol in 1240: Ricart assigns their year of office to 1243 A.D. Surely the mysterious Richard le repere who figures as provost along with Walter the Frenchman must be Richard le [D]raper. But it will be the task of future local historians to utilise all the abundant material to which Mr. Ellis and Mr. Bickley have in this useful and carefully edited volume offered them the key.

CHURCH HISTORY.

"A History of the English Church during the Civil Wars and under the Commonwealth, 1640-1660." By William A. Shaw. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1900. 36s.

MR. SHAW'S stout volumes are misnamed. They should be described as Studies in the History of English Religion from the Beginning of the Long Parliament to the Restoration. Less accurately they might be called the History of Parliamentary Presbyterianism, for they are mainly concerned with the attempt to establish and maintain on the foundations of the ancient Episcopal system a Presbyterian polity, borrowed from beyond the Tweed under stress of political exigency, but curiously trimmed to match the requirements of English habits. This subject is of great interest in itself, and of no mean importance, but it has no claim to the imposing description with which Mr. Shaw adorns his title-page. The English Church cannot, even by the least ecclesiastical of historians, be identified with the rickety offspring of Puritan pedantry and Parliamentary statecraft which was cradled in the Westminster Assembly, and had a precarious existence for a few years in Lancashire and London. That "Church" was an imposture from beginning to finish. Nobody believed in it, and few pretended to believe in it. It had been contemptuously thrust aside by the Independents, before it was officially extinguished by the Cavaliers. The author does not attempt to trace the life of the troublous twenty years, to which he confines himself, in any of its wider aspects. It is significant of his method that the names of Milton and George Fox never appear once on his pages, yet the one was at the height of his influence and in the maturity of his powers, the other was leading one of the most remarkable religious movements of history. Mr. Shaw limits himself rigidly to the thankless task of working out the actual process by which a hybrid Presbyterianism was set up by Parliament, and set aside by Cromwell. He conforms his own style to that of the dusty records in which he has worked so long and so conscientiously, and his volumes have the arid and monotonous obscurity of an Act of Parliament. As history, then, we have little to say for this book: but that is not the category in which (pace the author) it is to be placed, and judged. As a specimen of thorough research in an uninviting field, we cannot overpraise Mr. Shaw's work. It is not excessive to say that the future student of the period will not be able to dispense with the help of these elaborate Appendices, which compose nearly one-third of the thousand pages, and represent an immense expenditure of labour and patience. The general reader will more usefully study the pages of Dr. Gardiner and Dr. Stoughton, but the specialist will find that Mr. Shaw has supplemented those admirable writers in some very important particulars. In his preface Mr. Shaw has some severe things to say about the culpable carelessness with which parochial documents, often of considerable historical value, are kept in England. They are frequently inaccessible to students, always very inconveniently scattered over the country, sometimes exposed

to risks of destruction by damp or fire. The incumbents, in whose custody these precious records are placed, are more often than not unconscious of their value, or ignorant of the conditions under which such treasures should be preserved. Mr. Shaw justly protests against such unnecessary risks. "All parish registers and all vestry minute-books earlier than the accession of Queen Victoria ought to be instantly removed to public and safe keeping—to some specially organised side of the British Museum—where they would not only be accessible to the historical student, and not only be bound and safeguarded against further decay, but also subject to the proper provisions of scholarly handling. . . . There is neither sense nor reason in delaying to do with the Church of England historical registers what has long since been done with the Dissenters' registers." We cordially endorse and approve this very reasonable suggestion, and thank Mr. Shaw for thus calling attention to a very serious grievance to students, which is also a matter of grave public importance.

LEICESTER RECORDS.

"Records of the Borough of Leicester 1103-1327."
Edited by Mary Bateson. Published under the authority of the Corporation of Leicester. London: C. J. Clay and Sons; Cambridge University Press. 1899. 25s. net.

IT is no matter for congratulation that the ancient records of Leicester have fallen into the editorial charge of Miss Bateson; not that there is a word to be said against the unquestionable diligence of this lady or her admirable translations, but she has evidently misdirected a vast amount of time to her work with a disappointing result. The four hundred pages of which her book consists are not divided into chapters or sections, nor are they prefaced by a table of contents, no marginal notes or dates afford the reader an indication of the subject matter of any particular passage, and every page is monotonously headed with the title of the book itself. Charters, gild rolls, tallage rolls, quit claims, portmanmoot rolls, distrains, inquests, accounts, pleas of the gild, and other documents are mixed up together in hopeless confusion. This is enough to bewilder, if not to irritate, the reader. There are, it is true, at the end of the book indices of streets, fields, and names of persons, and some few of the rarer words and matters; while a map, purporting to describe the Leicester of the fourteenth century, carefully indicates certain boundaries existing in the year 1828 but shows scarcely any of the places mentioned in the text. Various explanatory notes are scattered about and are fairly useful when they can be found. Some pages in the early part of the book bristle with asterisks, inverted daggers and initial letters. It is natural to look for an explanatory table of these distinctive marks, but there is nothing of the kind, and only after a careful search do we discover, on page 16, the significance of the asterisk—we are there told that it is "used to distinguish those who pay for the bull." Regarding the payments "de tauro et de ansis," on the entry of members into the gild of merchants, Miss Bateson might usefully have given us a short note, instead of merely referring to "Gross, Gild Merchant." On page 12 we find that the inverted daggers are "used to mark deletions," whatever this means; and as to the initial letters the reader is left to his own imagination.

On the other hand Miss Bateson's introduction to the book is a model of systematic method. Her rather diffuse historical essay is conveniently preceded by a synopsis of the subjects with which it deals, viz.—(1) the King and the Borough; (2) the Earl and the Borough; and (3) the relations of the Merchant Gild and the Borough Court. The three titles to some extent relate to the more important contents of the volume and deal generally with the feudal condition of the great early English boroughs. For the prerogatives, customs and powers of the Merchant Gild certainly constitute the most distinguishing feature of the social polity of Leicester during the twelfth and

thirteenth centuries. The rest of the introduction deserves careful study, in spite of some vain repetitions. The word "normal" in one form or another occurs no less than thirteen times in the first sixty lines of the letterpress. As to the preface by the Bishop of London, it would be equally relevant as an exordium to next month's edition of Bradshaw. The records themselves, of which some photographic facsimile specimens are given, are possibly, as he observes, the most valuable possessions of the municipality of Leicester, but they no more illustrate the development of English local government or the growth of the modern town council than Aristotle's treatise on the Constitution of Athens foreshadowed the proceedings of the London County Council. Hidden among some rubbishy conveyances, tallage rolls, and lists of names we come across the highly interesting charter of Edmund Crouchback, A.D. 1277, reforming the procedure of the Portmanmoot. It is appropriately given in the old Norman French, with a contemporary English version and a modern translation. It thus occupies about seventeen pages which might well have formed a separate chapter, discoverable in an index; and if Miss Bateson had only given us a concise glossary we should perhaps have ascertained the meaning of mainpernor and the distinction between a forfal and an assoyn. These are only examples of many obsolete and doubtful terms with which we meet. The morningspeech, in particular, is constantly referred to, but no light is thrown upon its constitution or functions. It is nevertheless clear that its powers were far-reaching and diversified. Contravention of gild law was commonly visited by no severer penalty than the exaction of bail. We read frequently that a defendant admitted the special offence with which he was charged, and expiated it by pledging a barrel of ale: "Inuadiauit unam cuuatam ceruisie."

Regulation was placed upon the government of the tongue. In the year 1318 William of Hoglegate pledged forty shillings for abusing the Common Serjeant, and Christiana le Mustarder, on a plea of guilty, pledged five pounds for abusing the assessors with the vilest words, in the high street, to the shame of the community: "quod ipsa maledixit taxatores cum uilissimis verbis in alta strata ad pudorem communitatis." Henry Houhil however in 1258 in full morningspeech, "in pleno morespechio," told the mayor that he cared no more for him than for a straw, "non magis cure teneat de illo quam de una festuca." For this he was fined two tuns of wine: "taxatur amerciamantum ejusdem ad duo dolea vini," one of which went to the mayor, the other being held for his future good behaviour. This was no light penalty if, as Miss Bateson explains, a doleum contained two hundred and eight gallons. The coroners' rolls, dating from 1297, are not without interest. Several entries refer to the right of sanctuary afforded to every felon in the nearest church to which he could escape. The coroner was then summoned and held parley with the refugee, who had the choice of standing his trial or abjuring the realm. In the latter case he became an outlaw, his lands escheated, and his chattels were forfeited.

Death by hanging was the penalty on conviction for murder, housebreaking, "roberia," "latrocinium," and other relatively trivial offences. A curious instance is given of a man who secured the benefit of each alternative; having been convicted of larceny before the justices for gaol delivery in 1313, he was taken to the gallows by the frankpledges: "ad furcas deductus per francplegios," hanged, and carried for burial to the churchyard where he unexpectedly came to life again. Thereupon he appeared before the coroner and abjured the realm. The coroner, of course, took cognisance of all cases of sudden or violent or accidental death, and we find passages referring to the deodand. The actual instrument which caused death, by misadventure or otherwise, was delivered to the township of the place where the death occurred and its value was duly accounted for as a deodand. Thus, in 1304, a man was killed by another with an iron-headed stick; the stick was valued at a penny "for which the frankpledge will answer"; a child was scalded, "scaturizatus," by hot water; the price of the pot was one shilling for which the frankpledge would answer. A child, aged three, going playing in 1305, fell into a tub of hot grout.

Price of the tub 3*d.*, of the grout 5*d.*, both deodands for which the frankpledge answers.

The earlier records are written in fairly good Latin, but by degrees the scholarship of Leicester sensibly deteriorated, even to the verge of absurdity—schoppa is used as the equivalent for a shop. The inventory of the chattels (*catalla*) of a felon included a "*murilegum*" value one penny; Miss Bateson naively translates this word, "a cat"; we venture to suggest "mousetrap." Twilight is denoted by the phrase "*inter canem et lupum*," but *arbor* is masculine, *maledixit* governs the accusative case, and the perfect of *defendo* is *defendidi*!

FOUR NOVELS.

"Native-Born." By William Sylvester Walker ("Coo-ee"). London: John Long. 1900. 6*s.*

There is something curiously, almost marsupially, archaic about Mr. Walker's manner of writing novels. He has little idea of construction: his bewildered readers must disobey Sir Thomas Browne's injunction and become their own antipodes, stepping in a moment from England to the Australian bush. Even so were novels written in the good leisurely old days, when one had time to attend to the plot. But the charm of the Australian bush is shown forth with vigour and enthusiasm, and we can almost forgive slipshod English when we find good bush-craft. "Coo-ee" seems to know more about the ways of kangaroos than the minds of men and women, but kangaroos are really the more interesting species when handled by an inexperienced writer. Thus a sensational novel is redeemed by good descriptions of wild life. If Mr. Walker could learn to be terse he might rival Rolf Boldrewood. There is a spirited "Envoi" which suggests the idea that he may have designs on the laureateship of the Australian Commonwealth.

"An Eye for an Eye." By William Le Queux. London: F. V. White. 1900. 6*s.*

"An Eye for an Eye" is a good example of its author's strength and weakness. Till the closing lines, when upon the shoulders of the beautiful Eva Glaslyn is rather unjustly thrown the task of unravelling the threads of a complicated "mystery," the reader is kept well in the dark as to the origin of the crime described in too much detail at the outset. But, whilst piling up his horrors, Mr. Le Queux does not forget his "romance." Once again we are reminded of the author's pride in his knowledge of the niceties of feminine attire. London skirts, it seems, "are always more or less 'bunchy,' dragging behind and rising in front, unless made by the first-class houses in Regent Street or Bond Street. London dressmakers cannot cut a skirt well." Mr. Le Queux has not abandoned his habit of overdoing the complexions and voices of his characters. But as a weaver of mystery he can still hold his own.

"A Gay Conspiracy." By Robert W. Chambers. London: Harpers. 1900. 6*s.*

American personal journalism is such a nuisance in Transatlantic papers that we deprecate its introduction into books published in England. It is bad enough when novelists take statesmen and caricature them clumsily, but Mr. Chambers goes further and writes a romance in which a living European queen is the heroine. We may no longer believe in the divine right, but sovereigns should be secure from the romantic fantasies of the servants' hall. Mr. Chambers takes with the name and personality of a lady who is exposed to vulgar curiosity a liberty which, in the case of any young lady not of royal birth, would be punished by the horsewhip of some male relative. For the rest, the book is an ineffectual parody of Mr. Hope.

"The Belle of Toorak." By E. W. Hornung. London: Grant Richards. 1900. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Hornung excels in concentrated description both of places and people: one dainty little touch and a character stands intimately revealed, a few strokes of

his pen in the background and you are breathing the very air of the Australian bush. The story is an effort in minor melodrama. The interest is fairly well sustained, but there are difficulties in sharing the author's complacency as to the future of a supercilious young Melbourne lady, whom we leave still engaged to the son of a convicted bushranger. Mr. Hornung is evidently a disbeliever in heredity.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Judgment in Literature." By W. Basil Worsfold. The Temple Primers. London: Dent. 1900. 1*s.*

It would be unreasonable to expect in an elementary book on literary criticism more than a brief résumé of the leading topics historical and philosophical; a statement of the various theories held on the questions what is good literature and why it is good, from the earliest times to the present without much pretence of deciding between them; and finally a judicious selection of illustrative passages from the writers ancient and modern who have written formally on the subject. All these requirements are sufficiently fulfilled in Mr. Worsfold's interesting little book. It is well worth reading by such persons as have reached the stage of perceiving that all books are not literature and of wanting to have some idea of the distinction made by the superior minds between what is and what is not to be described as literature. Unfortunately the persons who have reached even this primary stage are not many. For this class of intelligent though not learned readers, for example those who attend University Extension lectures, the book is well suited; but Mr. Worsfold should either have said more about the forms of literature, such as the epic and the lyric, or omitted this chapter altogether, as it hardly belongs to the general subject of "Judgment in Literature." Nor should the readers of this primer be able to quote the authority of the author for such phrases as "to himself look upon" and several others equally bad. It would be distressing to think that when the youthful critic has been so admirably posted up by Mr. Worsfold in what Plato, and Aristotle, and Lessing, and Wordsworth, and Ruskin, and Swinburne have said as to the permissible and non-permissible in literature, he should remain under the impression that split infinitives are allowable. We may remark that Swinburne and the rest, though disagreeing on almost every other point, would, we are sure, agree as to this. Possibly we might have to except Plato and Lessing, for the Greeks and the Germans play strange pranks with their infinitives.

"China in Decay." By Alexis Krausse. Third Edition. London: Chapman and Hall. 1900. 5*s.*

"China." Story of the Nations Series. By Professor Robert K. Douglas. Second Edition. London: Unwin. 1900. 5*s.*

"A Narrative of Events in China." By the late Lord Loch. Third Edition. London: Murray. 1900. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

As books these volumes were not born of the Chinese crisis, but as "editions" they certainly are. Their appearance is unquestionably opportune in that they appear at a time when they are likely to sell. Events have produced a demand for literature about China; far be it from us to censure the smartness which rushes on the market a new edition of an old work. A book can be reprinted so quickly that no risk is run of losing the moment's opportunity, while the most facile of professional writers can hardly turn out new "literature" fast enough to be sure of taking the public excitement at the flood. But it must be understood that these are not new editions in any true sense of the term. They all have new prefaces, it is true, and mostly "chapters on recent events." And it is the reading of these latest fragments that demonstrates that these issues are not new editions, for the writers plainly have nothing new to say.

"A Short Course of Elementary Plane Trigonometry." By C. Pendlebury. London: Bell. 1899. 2*s.* 6*d.*

A book with many excellent features. Its proofs are clear and concise, its general arrangement is original and good, and almost every page shows evidence of the work of an able and experienced teacher. Still there are some omissions to catalogue. Many familiar geometrical proofs are missing, submultiple angles are barely mentioned, and there is no discussion of the general application of formulæ which are proved for acute angles only. These are defects in a book which is professedly written for examinations. Mathematical masters however will, doubtless, welcome the book as one that supplies a long-felt want.

"Fulham Old and New." By Charles James Fleet. London: The Leadenhall Press. 3 vols. £4 4*s.*

"History of the Parish of Preston." By H. Fishwick. Rochdale: James Clegg. London: Elliot Stock. £1 16*s.* 6*d.*

Though local histories must necessarily mainly interest readers whose lives are spent in the locality, they appeal to the

curious in general on account of the often quaint material they contain and of the often valuable sidelights they throw on the national story itself. In the two handsome works before us we have the most intimate accounts of two ancient centres of English life. Both are abundantly illustrated, and students will appreciate the patience and care with which the authors have hunted up and digested documents, some of which have been pigeon-holed for centuries. Fulham and Preston prove equally happy hunting grounds for antiquary and genealogist. The former especially, with Fulham Palace and many notable houses in the neighbourhood, is associated with names famous in Church, literary and political history.

The new volume of the Royal Colonial Institute proceedings for 1899-90 shows, no falling off from the standard of value attained by its predecessors. Papers such as Mr. Im Thurn, Dr. P. Manson, Sir John Colomb, Mr. A. M. Miller, and Mr. Lionel Phillips contribute respectively on "British Guiana," "A School of Tropical Medicine," "A Century of Imperial Defence," "Swaziland and the Outlook in South Africa," are of more than fleeting importance.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

La Guerre, L'Armée. By "M." Bordeaux: Feret. 1900. 3f. 50c.

Ever since the disgrace of General Mercier, we have had reason to dread all books and pamphlets on military matters. To read them, as a rule, is as exasperating as a glance at the "Libre Parole" and "Patrie." Old lies and new lies, old calumnies and new ones, illogical arguments and insane fury: all these we have encountered almost invariably, with accompanying exclamations of "Vive l'Armée." Not one of them has been able to show us how and when the army has been insulted, yet insists upon the accusation. Not one has succeeded in pointing out where the "great danger" lies, but returns again and again to hint at it darkly. A wonderful lack of honesty and intelligence has been the chief feature of these "patriotic" publications; and so it was not in a friendly mood that we opened this volume—which, however, soon dispelled our fears and convinced us that we had to do with a most remarkable and useful work. The author has taken two years to accomplish his task; and, if we have any fault at all to find with him, it is that he has given us too much. His style is at once terse and condensed; so that every page is of importance, and there are 406 of them in all! Impatient readers, however, will be able to choose their chapters from the carefully constructed list of contents. The first part of the book is mainly statistical, and also devoted to the opinions expounded by several great men on the fortunes and follies of war. We have an elaborate table setting forth the date of every great battle since Marathon, with the names of the commanders, the number of the soldiers, and a few observations. Later on, "M." refers to this table showing how such and such a battle was lost, and criticises the strategy of certain great generals among whom Napoleon, of course, figures the most prominently. All this is done intelligently and well, but it is chiefly in the second half of the book that the author proves himself to be a man of ideas and profound thought. After dealing with the army in relation to the State and showing that conscription produces much moral harm among the humbler classes, "M." criticises the present condition of the French army, and finds it unsatisfactory. According to him, it is in need of reorganisation; and in a third part, entitled "Mon Armée," he suggests a number of reforms. To be thoroughly understood and appreciated, however, his suggestions must be studied through this book—for a mass of documentary evidence and statistics accompanies them. Still we think we can give a bare idea of "M.'s" scheme of reorganisation by quoting the following passage,—*"Et j'ai conclu qu'il convenait de créer deux armées :*

L'une puisant sa force dans l'éducation civique, dans l'instruction militaire, dans la solidité de réserves constamment tenues en haleine ;

L'autre recherchant cette force dans l'éducation militaire, dans l'expérience de la vie de campagne, dans l'excellence d'effectifs toujours présents et toujours agissants ;

L'une destinée à opérer uniquement en Europe et trouvant dans l'élévation de son patriotisme le dévouement et la constance nécessaires pour combattre le combat où se décideront les destinées de la patrie ;

L'autre appelée à agir dans tous les pays et sous tous les climats et valant déjà par ses vertus guerrières ;

L'une surtout instrument de défense ;

L'autre essentiellement manœuvrière, grande productrice de panique, parce qu'elle même inaccessible à la panique, en un mot, puissant instrument d'offensive ;

L'une, cuirasse ;

L'autre, épée."

We do not suppose, however, that "M.'s" exhaustive work

(Continued on page 248.)

BRITISH WORKMAN'S AND GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

Chief Office: BROAD STREET CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

| | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|--|
| ANNUAL INCOME at the rate of £660,000. | CLAIMS PAID EXCEED £2,560,000. | FUNDS. Over £227,000 added during last two years and eight months. |
|--|--------------------------------------|--|

MODERATE RATES.

PROMPT AND LIBERAL SETTLEMENT OF CLAIMS.
APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

Gentlemen able to influence good business will find the Company's agency terms very remunerative.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Mortgages.] ESTABLISHED 1837. [Annuities.
CAPITAL—£1,000,000. FUNDS IN HAND—£1,900,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Sir ANDREW LUSK, Bt., Chairman. | WM. STRANG, Esq., Deputy Chairman. |
| Lieut.-Col. F. D. GREY. | HENRY WILLIAM RIPLEY, Esq. |
| Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR. | ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq. |
| JAS. S. MACK, Esq., J.P., D.L. | Rt. Hon. Sir RALPH WOOD THOMPSON, K.C.B. |
| CHARLES PRICE, Esq. | |

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at death thereafter.

Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and on Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Secretary and Manager.

UNIVERSAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established 1834.

LARGE RESERVES. LOW PREMIUMS.
LARGE ANNUAL CASH BONUSES.

For 40 years the Annual Reductions of Premium on With-Profit Policies of six years' standing have equalled

45 PER CENT. of the ANNUAL PREMIUMS.

LIFE INTERESTS AND REVERSIONS PURCHASED,
OR ADVANCES MADE THEREON.

Chief Office:—1 KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

METROPOLITAN LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1835

ALL SURPLUS DIVIDED BY WAY OF
REDUCTION OF PREMIUM.

The Rates of Reduction for current year range from 72 per cent. to 32 per cent.

NEW RATES FOR

ENDOWMENT ASSURANCES and
LIMITED PAYMENT ASSURANCES
With similar reductions.

Assets - - £2,044,000.
NO AGENTS. NO COMMISSION.

OFFICES: 13 MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

FIRE. UNION LIFE. ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in the Reign of Queen Anne, A.D. 1714.

Head Office—81 CORNHILL, E.C., LONDON.

Accumulated Funds, £3,500,000. Subscribed Capital, £450,000.
Annual Income, £1,000,000.

Moderate Premiums. Extended Free Limits.
Interim Bonuses. Liberal Conditions.
Prompt Payment of Claims. Non-Forfeitable Policies.

Fire Manager—W. G. WILKINS. Sub-Fire Manager—A. F. BAILEY.
Actuary—L. K. PAGDEN. CHARLES DARRELL, Secretary.

LONDON, EDINBURGH & GLASGOW ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Established 1881.

PREMIUM INCOME, 1899 £366,899.

See Prospectus just issued of Old Age Pension, Endowment, and Life Assurance combined.

THOS. NEILL, General Manager.

Insurance Buildings, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.**FIRE. (ESTABLISHED 1808.) LIFE.****CAPITAL - - £1,200,000.****HEAD OFFICE: 92 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.****WEST END BRANCH: 4 PALL MALL EAST, S.W.****LIFE POLICIES.—Important Advantages.**

1. Whole World.
2. Unconditional.
3. Unforfeitable.
4. Guaranteed cash surrender values.

FIRE POLICIES AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.**APPLICATIONS FOR AGENCIES INVITED.****Scottish Provident Institution.****(ESTABLISHED 1837.)****MUTUAL ASSURANCE WITH MODERATE PREMIUMS.****Accumulated Funds, £11,300,000.****The Surplus at last Investigation was £1,423,000.**

More than One-half of the Members who died during last Septennial period were entitled to **Bonuses** which, notwithstanding that the Premiums do not as a rule exceed the non-profit rates of other Offices, were, on the average, equal to an addition of about 50 per cent. to their Policies.

LONDON: 17 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.**HEAD OFFICE: 6 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, EDINBURGH.****THE LANCASHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.****ESTABLISHED 1852.****CAPITAL - - - THREE MILLIONS.****Paid-up Capital and Funds, as at December 31, 1899, £1,618,404.****Head Office: EXCHANGE STREET, MANCHESTER.****London Office: 14 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.****West-End Office: 19 REGENT STREET, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.****Indisputable World-wide Life Policies. No Restrictions.****Fire Insurances in all parts of the World.****EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY INSURANCE at Moderate Rates on the Merits of each Case.****DIGBY JOHNSON, General Manager. CHARLES POVAH, Sub-Manager.****PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY (LIMITED).****HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.****FOUNDED 1848.****INVESTED FUNDS..... £37,000,000.****SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.****THE IMPERIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, Limited.**

FIRE. Est. 1803.—1 Old Broad Street, E.C.; 22 Pall Mall, S.W.; and 47 Faneborough Lane, W.C. Subscribed Capital, £1,000,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

Ten years ago a well-known English Banker wrote:—

"I had no intention of Insuring my Life, but it seems to me now that your plan as to Policies is as good a way of Saving Money as any other."

This gentleman now writes:—

"I have pleasure in stating that I am well satisfied with the results of my Insurance in the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK."

Before insuring elsewhere, ascertain what**THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.****OF NEW YORK****CAN DO FOR YOU.****ESTD. 1843.****President, RICHARD A. McCURDY.****ESTD. 1843.**

The distinctive Investment Advantages offered may be inferred from the fact that of the total payments made by the MUTUAL LIFE, exceeding **£105,000,000**, over **£60,000,000 Sterling** has been paid to **Living Policyholders**.

ASSETS (December 1899), nearly £62,000,000.**HEAD OFFICE FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM:****16, 17 & 18 CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.****C. HALDEMAN, General Manager.****ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE.****Incorporated A.D. 1790.****FOR SEA, FIRE, LIFE AND ANNUITIES.****CHIEF OFFICE: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, E.C.****FUNDS EXCEED £4,500,000. CLAIMS PAID EXCEED £39,000,000.****FIRE.**

INSURANCES ARE GRANTED AGAINST LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE on Property of almost every description, at moderate rates.

LIFE.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ASSURANCE IS TRANSACTED
Absolute Security. Large Bonuses. Moderate Premiums.

ACCIDENTS AND EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY.

Insurances against Employer's Liability and Personal Accidents are now granted.
Bonuses on Accident Policies allowed to Life Policy-holders and Total Abstainers.

Apply for full Prospectus to W. N. WHYMPER, Secretary.

COUNTY FIRE OFFICE,**50 Regent Street, W., and 14 Cornhill, E.C., London.****FOUNDED 1807.**

THE PREMIUM INCOME of this Office is derived from Home business only, no foreign risks being undertaken.

THE PAYMENTS MADE FOR LOSSES amount to **£5,000,000**. Damage by Lightning and Explosion of Coal Gas made good.

FORMS OF PROPOSAL and full particulars as to Rates and the Advantages offered by the COUNTY may be obtained on application to the Company's Agents.

G. W. STEVENS, } Joint Secretaries.
G. E. RATLIFF, }

THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND**MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.****Accumulated Funds - - - £15,000,000****Annual Revenue - - - £1,600,000**

All belonging to the Members, among whom the Whole Profits realised are divided.

LONDON: 28 CORNHILL and 5 WATERLOO PLACE.

Policies issued during 1900 will receive two full years' Bonuses at next Division of Profits as at December 1901.

GRESHAM**ASSETS, £7,250,000.****Established 1848.****LIFE OFFICE**

NOVEL and ATTRACTIVE forms of ASSURANCE, APPEALING SPECIALLY to those who desire to combine INVESTMENT with FAMILY PROVISION.

PROSPECTUS containing full Table of Rates for the above, and other new features, on application to

JAMES H. SCOTT, General Manager and Secretary,**ST. MILDRED'S HOUSE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.***The Gresham Life Assurance Society, Limited.***PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.****(FOUNDED 1806.)****50 REGENT ST., W., & 14 CORNHILL, E.C.**

IMPROVED SYSTEM OF BONUS DISTRIBUTION.
Children's Endowments Payable at Age 21.

FINANCIAL POSITION, 1900:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|
| Invested Funds | £3,271,694 |
| Annual Income.. .. . | £354,425 |
| Bonuses Declared exceed.. .. . | £3,784,000 |
| Claims and Surrenders Paid | £11,188,500 |
| Half Profits reserved in 1898 | £299,601 |

*Prospectus and full information on application.***SCOTTISH AMICABLE****LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.****Established 1896.****Funds - - - £24,200,000.****ABSOLUTE SECURITY.****LARGE COMPOUND BONUSES.****LOW PREMIUMS.****LIBERAL CONDITIONS.****Head Office: 35 St. Vincent Place, Glasgow.****London Office: 1 Threadneedle Street, E.C.**

will win the consideration of the French War Office, or meet with the approval it deserves. Were General André able to dispense entirely with the opinions of his colleagues in the army, there might be some chance of "M.'s" suggestions being taken seriously: the last French Minister of War is far more open to advice than his predecessors, far more intelligent than those who constitute the état-major.

Le Journal d'une Femme de Chambre. By Octave Mirbeau. Paris: Fasquelle. 1900. 3f. 50c.

Those who condemned "Pot-Bouille," will also find fault with M. Octave Mirbeau's new novel. There is this much in common between the two: life "au sixième" is the theme of both, the sixth floor where the cooks, maids, coachmen, and grooms of Paris have their rooms, where vice is invariable but not so infamous and inexcusable as among the masters and mistresses below. "Pot-Bouille," however, does not deal exclusively with the tragedies and sordid love affairs of servants, whereas M. Mirbeau's diary, or rather Célestine's, records the views and discloses the emotions of a lady's maid from first to last. And the book, in spite of its outrageous passages, has the ring of sincerity, carries with it the impression of having been "vécu." As we come upon horror after horror, and indecency upon indecency, the unsolved problem again confronts us—How far an author is justified in showing up corruption and immorality by perpetually harping upon them; how much he is entitled to say? In England the modern novelist has no reason to dwell upon abominable scenes and incidents, for the customs of his country are not the customs of France. He has none of that amazing immorality, none of that inexhaustible indecency described by Zola, Catulle Mendès, even Ohnet, and now by M. Mirbeau as being characteristic of Parisian life, to discover and watch. His field is fresher, his monde purer—he must be content with a commonplace betrayal, a daring adventuress, and a drunken husband or two. But what Zola describes and what M. Mirbeau portrays, they profess to see, and, by an exposure realistically set down, hope to bring about moral revolutions and social reforms. If they succeed the end will have been justified by the means; and although we believe that Zola's pictures of depravity, so far from demoralising and exciting, have the beneficial effect of inspiring people with a horror of the ugliness and folly of vice, we feel that M. Mirbeau's book—however good its purpose—will not be taken in the same spirit (as a moral lesson), not have the same desirable influence and result. Célestine, as a matter of fact, is not a sympathetic character like many of Zola's servants in "Pot-Bouille." Apart from a strong sense of humour, she has no redeeming qualities. And although we can excuse her early depravity on the score that her mother was infamous and her first entourage loathsome, we fail to see why she should have chosen to continue her vicious career. Vicious, she is, wholly vicious; and so she relates her amours with a freedom that Zola has never surpassed. There is no end to her escapades; yet it is only just to repeat that the book gives distinct evidence of having been "vécu," and at no time appears merely to have been written for the purpose of exciting curiosity and scandal. Here and there, Célestine holds forth against Catholicism and the persecution of the Jews by MM. Guérin and Drumont. She attacks an institution for servant girls founded and conducted by the "Petites Sœurs de Pontcroix," who, while professing charitable motives, overwork the maids who seek shelter there when out of a situation, and fleece them also. Often she consoles herself with the reflection that her superiors are far more corrupt than she, yet, in the end, marries a man whom she knows to be a bully, thief, and murderer. "Et je suis heureuse d'être à lui. Je sens que je ferai tout ce qu'il voudra que je fasse, et que j'irai toujours où il me dira. . . . jusqu'au crime!" are the ominous words that conclude the diary.

Isis. By Comte de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Paris and Brussels: the Librairie Internationale. 1900. 3f. 50c.

We have to express our surprise that this bewildering and utterly ridiculous volume should ever have found a publisher. After reading it we wonder whether Comte Villiers de l'Isle-Adam was mad when he wrote it; who Tullia Fabriana was; what the others were; and if M. Hyacinthe de Pontavice de Heussy—to whom this nonsense is dedicated—himself understands what it all means. The perpetration of such a book is quite inexcusable, and also, we imagine, unheard-of; the vanity of expecting it to be considered for one moment by the public is a piece of impertinence that has surely never been surpassed. Never in our experience have we encountered a book so remarkably devoid of sanity and any kind of skill.

Revue de Paris. 15 Août. 2f. 50c.

It is safe to say that M. André Chevrillon made Rudyard Kipling known to France. In a masterly series of articles that appeared in the "Revue de Paris" some time ago, he criticised and translated (with amazing fidelity) certain passages of the "Jungle Book"; and although his enthusiasm for the author was evident, he at no time lost the dignity, and impartial method of viewing men and manners, that belong to him. Indeed, M. Chevrillon is by far the most capable and cultured critic of English literature and English life in France.

We never find him out in faults of spelling—talking of "milords" and "roast-bars," or insisting upon fallacies that even time has not been able to dissipate. He recognises and applauds what is best in the English nation; he has crossed the Channel on many occasions, his knowledge of London is as wise and as faithful as a Frenchman's ever can be. And so we take an exceptional interest in the series of articles he is doing for the "Revue de Paris," where, in the current number, he describes the state of London during the first months of the war and where, later on, he will depict the sudden change that took place in the mood of the people when Lord Roberts won his exhilarating successes. It is only on the last page of his article that M. Chevrillon allows himself to declare that the war is an unjust one; the rest is devoted to an admirable description of the London streets, to a number of excellent character-sketches. The dignified calm with which reverses are accepted astonishes him; he applauds it. The chivalrous manner in which the audience of the Alhambra cheers those generals who have not proved successful (as they follow one another on the cinematograph) arouses his admiration; and he accounts for it by—"D'abord, the sporting spirit: give a man a chance, l'habitude des luttes sportives, boxe ou foot-ball, où l'on apprend qu'un vaincu reste digne de respect s'il est demeuré brave, qu'on ne joue pas sans faire de fautes et que, si l'on souhaite la victoire d'un champion, il ne faut pas le huer quand un mauvais coup l'a jeté par terre, mais lui faire crédit pour qu'il se relève et continue la lutte." Then M. Chevrillon pays a tribute of respect to Sir George White for taking the entire responsibility of his defeat on his own shoulders; becomes quite enthusiastic over Lord Roberts and the many people who provided the soldiers with pipes, tobacco, and various luxuries; and, mentioning the Queen's gift of chocolate, says: "On n'a pas compris, on a traité d'enfantillage en France l'envoi royal aux combattants de boîtes de chocolat dont les couvercles portaient un souhait de bonne année. Pour chaque soldat, ce cadeau était un gage de sollicitude particulière. En le recevant, il avait l'illusion que la Reine avait spécialement pensé à lui, qu'elle le traitait en serviteur de sa personne, en ami, en enfant de sa grande famille." The scenes in the Alhambra and in the city are sketched with wonderful reality; the criticism of the press is again just and impartial—there is much insight in the condemnation of the halfpenny newspapers as "vulgaires, vantardes, gesticulantes, quasi américaines de style et de goût"—the whole article, in fact, does infinite credit to M. Chevrillon, and sets one wishing that there were more men like him to give honest and vivid descriptions of London life to the inhabitants of France.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 Août. 3f.

A remarkably dull number. We should have imagined that Comte de Charles Moüy in his "Souvenirs d'un Diplomate" could have found something more interesting to say about the annexation of Thessaly by Greece (1878-82), and are much bored by M. Berteaux's article on malaria fever in Italy. Mr. H. G. Wells' "Love and Mr. Lewisham" is reviewed at some length, and, on the whole, favourably.

Revue des Revues. 15 Août. 1f. 30c.

We are heartily sick of M. Frédéric Passy's "propagande pacifique." He explains it everywhere; he might give us what he, himself, is always crying for—peace. We cannot allow that he is entitled to weary us so often just because he happens to be president of that obscure institution, "La Société Française d'Arbitrage entre Nations." An article on the secret societies of China (even if they are not as plentiful and barbarous as the author says) is worth reading.

For This Week's Books see page 250.

"The standard of highest purity."—*The Lancet.*

Cadbury's
COCOA

Absolutely Pure—therefore Best.

Free from Drugs, Alkali, or any foreign admixture.

When asking for Cocoa insist on having CADBURY'S—sold only in Packets and Tins—as other Cocos are sometimes substituted for the sake of extra profit.

On receipt of Post Card giving name and address, and mentioning the "SATURDAY REVIEW,"

A FREE SAMPLE

of Cocoa will be sent by CADBURY BROTHERS, Limited, Bournville, near Birmingham.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CATALOGUE,
Introducing
10 NEW MODELS,
Free on Application to
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS, LTD.
18, 20 AND 22 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

Egypt's peerless contribution
to modern luxury

**NESTOR
GIANACLIS
CIGARETTES**

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS

157^A NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

CRAVEN

Dr. J. M. Barrie says, "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the CRAVEN Mixture, and no other."

1 LB. SAMPLE TIN, 2/3; POST FREE, 2/6.

J. J. CARRERAS, 7 Wardour St., Leicester Sq., W.
OR AGENTS.

REAL GERMAN HOLLOW GROUND

KROPP RAZOR

ALWAYS READY
FOR USE

ENGLISH
MANUFACTURE

WARRANTED PERFECT

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.

| | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Black Handle 5/6 | Pr. Ivory Handles in Russia .. 21/- |
| Ivory Handle 7/6 | Leather Case 21/- |
| Kropp Duplex Strop .. 7/6 | Kropp Strop Paste 6d. |

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET, "Shaver's Kit or Outfit," Post Free.

Wholesale: OSBOENE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.



**CHLORODYNE
CHLORODYNE
CHLORODYNE
CHLORODYNE
CHLORODYNE
CHLORODYNE**

is admitted by the profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.
is the best remedy known for Coughs, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, effectually checks and arrests those too often fatal diseases: Diphtheria, Fever, Croup, Ague.
acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera and Dysentery, effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation, and Spasms.
is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c.

"Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians that he received a despatch from Her Majesty's Consul at Manila to the effect that cholera has been raging fearfully, and that the only remedy of any service was CHLORODYNE."—See *Lancet*, 1 December, 1864.

CAUTION.—Beware of Piracy and Imitation.

CAUTION.—"Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the inventor of CHLORODYNE, that the story of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue; which, he regretted to say, had been sworn to."—See *Times*, 13 July, 1864.

Sold in bottles at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each. None is genuine without the words "Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle.

SOLE MANUFACTURER—

J. T. DAVENPORT, 33 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, London.

EMPIRE THEATRE,

LEICESTER SQUARE.
EVERY EVENING, NEW BALLET: ROUND THE TOWN AGAIN.
GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT. Doors open 7.45.

EPPS'S

THE MOST
NUTRITIOUS.

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

GRATEFUL.
COMFORTING.

COCOA

**ROWLANDS'
ODONTO**

Is the best dentifrice you can use; it Whitens the Teeth, Prevents and Arrests Decay, and Sweetens the Breath. Sold by Stores, Chemists, and A. ROWLANDS & SONS, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

City of London Truss Society.

ESTABLISHED 1807.

FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED POOR THROUGHOUT THE KINGDOM.

Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

The Patients (about 10,000 in the year) are of both sexes and all ages, and are relieved on one letter of recommendation, however aggravated the case may be.

ADDITIONAL FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED to meet the increasing demands on the Charity, for which the Committee make an earnest appeal. SUBSCRIPTIONS, DONATIONS, and BEQUESTS will be thankfully received at the Institution by

JOHN WHITTINGTON, Secretary,
35 Finsbury Square, E.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

| | | |
|---|--------------------------|------------|
| 2% | CURRENT ACCOUNTS. | 2% |
| on the minimum monthly balances, when not drawn below £100. | | |
| 2½% | DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS. | 2½% |
| on Deposits, repayable on demand. | | |

STOCKS AND SHARES.

Stocks and Shares purchased and sold for customers.

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

Telephone No. 5 Holborn.
Telegraphic Address: "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

STANDARD BANK of SOUTH AFRICA, Ltd.

(Bankers to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.)

Head Office, 10 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, London, E.C., and 90 Branches in South Africa.

| | |
|---|------------|
| Subscribed Capital (31st December, 1899) .. | £4,950,400 |
| Paid-up Capital | £1,239,850 |
| Reserve Fund | £1,167,820 |

This Bank grants drafts on, and transacts every description of banking business with, the principal towns in Cape Colony, Natal, South African Republic, Orange River Colony, Rhodesia, and East Africa. Telegraphic remittances made. Deposits received for fixed periods. Terms on application.

J. CHUMLEY, London Manager.

**A REVOLUTION IN FURNISHING
BY MONTHLY PAYMENTS.**



Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P.,
in *TRUTH*, writes:—

"NORMAN & STACEY have introduced in their business an ingenious safeguard against the risk of loss to his widow or family through the death of the hirer. They give an insurance upon his life, so that if, for instance, a man gets £200 worth of furniture on the hire-purchase system, and dies when instalments to the amount of £150 have been paid, not only does the furniture become the property of his representatives, BUT THE £150 IS ALSO REPAID TO THEM."

N.B.—Cash Buyers are also given a Free Life Insurance Policy (for two years) equal to the amount they have spent.

NORMAN & STACEY, Ltd.,
118 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

Moderate Prices. Free Delivery Town or Country. Call and view Stock before Furnishing locally.

MACMILLAN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

CHINA.

THE LONG-LIVED EMPIRE.

By ELIZA R. SCIDMORE.

With a Portrait of the Empress Dowager and over 50 other Illustrations. Extra crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

Times.—"Fascinating and instructive.....It is much more than a book of travel."

TWO NEW VOLUMES NOW READY.

MACMILLAN'S LIBRARY OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Edited by A. W. POLLARD.

Demy 8vo. cloth elegant, 3s. 6d. net each.

MEMOIRS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By J. G. LOCKHART. Vols. I. and II.

LATEST SUMMER NOVELS.

Crown 8vo. gilt tops, 6s. each.

67,000 Copies have been sold in England and America.

JAMES LANE ALLEN'S NEW NOVEL.

THE INCREASING PURPOSE.

A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp-fields.

A FRIEND OF CÆSAR.

A Tale of the Fall of the Roman Republic.

By WILLIAM S. DAVIS.

Springfield Republican.—"A great novel judged by severe standards.....at once dramatic and scholarly."

THE WEB OF LIFE.

By ROBERT HERRICK.

Author of "The Gospel of Freedom," &c.

New York Sun.—"A fine and powerful story."

Ready on Tuesday.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

Price 1s. CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER:

1. ANTHONY'S FORTUNE. By ARTHUR BECKFORD. Conclusion.
2. A STUDY IN THE PERSIAN APPARATUS. By WILFRID SPARROV.
3. IMPRESSIONS OF KLONDIKE. By C. C. OSBORNE. I.
4. THE TALE OF A TUSKER.
5. A GIRL-GRADUATE OF SPAIN.
6. THE SONGS OF ERIN. By A. P. GRAVES.
7. THE CORSICAN AT HOME. By CHARLES EDWARDS.
8. A CLOISTER LILY.
9. MADAME GRAND. By J. J. COTTON.
10. A NEW POLITICAL ERA. By C. B. ROVLANCE KENT.

THE TEMPLE BAR MAGAZINE.

Price 1s. CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER:

- Opening Chapters of a New Story by RHODA BROUGHTON entitled
FOES IN LAW.
1. MILTON AS SEEN IN HIS SONNETS.
 2. A FRIEND OF MASTER FRANCIS.
 3. A BATCH OF FAMOUS LOVE LETTERS.
 4. THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER.
 5. LA MER DOUCE.
 6. THE GUNNER TRIUMPHANT.
 7. A COURT BEAUTY.
 8. CORBAN. By CONSTANCE SMITH. (Conclusion.)
 9. Also ready. Volume CXX. (May-August, 1900). Price 5s. 6d.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

Illustrated. Price 1s. 4d. Annual Subscription, post free, 15s.

The SEPTEMBER NUMBER contains:

- THE INFLUENCE OF THE WESTERN WORLD ON CHINA. By D. Z. SHEFFIELD, D.D.
THE REVOLUTION IN CHINA AND ITS CAUSES. By R. VAN BERGEN.
THE THAMES FROM WAPPING TO BLACKWALL. By Sir WALTER BESANT. Pictures by Phil May and Joseph Pennell.
AMUSEMENTS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—II. Theatres, Panoramas, and other Spectacles. By JEAN SCHOFFER. Pictures by André Castaigne.
And numerous other Stories and Articles of General Interest.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Illustrated. Price 1s. Annual Subscription, post free, 12s.

The SEPTEMBER NUMBER contains:

- THE IMP AND THE ANGEL. Story. By JOSEPHINE DASKAM.
A BOAST FULFILLED.—Jingle. By TUDOR JENKS.
THE JUNIOR CUP. Serial. By ALLEN FRENCH.
And numerous other Stories for the Young.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., London.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

"The Library of English Classics"—Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott (J. G. Lockhart. 2 vols.). Macmillan. 7s. net.

FICTION.

Monica (E. Everett Green), 1s. 6d.; Under Fate's Wheel (Laurence L. Lynch), 3s. 6d. Ward, Lock.
The Shadow of Quong Lung (C. W. Doyle), Constable. 3s. 6d.
A Friend of Cæsar: a Tale of the Fall of the Roman Republic, B.C. 50-47 (Wm. Stearns Davis). New York: The Macmillan Company. 6s.
Monica Grey (Lady Hely-Hutchinson). Murray. 2s. 6d. net.
Eliza (Barry Pain), Bousfield. 1s.
The World's Slow Train (Harold Vallings). Hurst and Blackett.

SCIENCE.

Text-Book of Zoology. Part II.: Birds, Reptiles, Fishes (Dr. Otto Schmeil). Black. 3s. 6d.

VERSE.

In the Waiting Time of War (Aubrey N. Mildmay). Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.
Writ in Barracks (Edgar Wallace). Methuen. 3s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Burns and Tarbolton (E. L. Letham). Kilmarnock: Brown.
Complete Prose Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson, 2s.; Ward, Lock's Guides: Lynton, Lynmouth, Minehead, &c., 1s.; Oban, Fort William and the Western Highlands, 1s. Ward, Lock.
Dent's County Guides: Hampshire with the Isle of Wight (George A. B. Dewar); Norfolk (William A. Dutt). Dent. 4s. 6d. each.
Report on Standard Piece Rates of Wages and Sliding Scales in the United Kingdom, 1900. Darling and Son. 1s. 4d.
West Ham Public Libraries: Annual Report, 1899-1900. Stratford: Avenue Press.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST:—The North American Review, 2s. 6d.; The Atlantic Monthly, 1s.; The International Monthly, 25c.; Journal of the Royal United Service Institution, 2s.

FOR SEPTEMBER:—The Pall Mall Magazine, 1s.

NOW READY. PRICE SIXPENCE.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

No. 215. SEPTEMBER 1900. 8vo.

ONE OF OURSELVES. By L. B. WALFORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," &c. (Chapters XXV., XXVI.).
THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS. III.—MADEMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE. By S. G. TALLENTYRE.
KINGSHIP IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By C. B. ROVLANCE KENT.
BECKY AND BITHY. By M. E. FRANCIS (Mrs. Francis Blundell).
A SECOND ESSAY IN DREAMS. By H. G. HUTCHINSON.
IN THE NAME OF A WOMAN. By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT, Author of "By Right of Sword," "A Dash for a Throne," &c. (Chapters XX.-XXII.).
AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP. By ANDREW LANG.

London: LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

NOTICES.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are:—

| | United Kingdom. | | | Abroad. | | |
|------------------|-----------------|----|----|---------|----|----|
| | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
| One Year ... | 1 | 8 | 2 | 1 | 10 | 4 |
| Half Year ... | 0 | 14 | 1 | 0 | 15 | 2 |
| Quarter Year ... | 0 | 7 | 1 | 0 | 7 | 7 |

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICE, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Publisher would be glad to be informed immediately.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is on sale at the following places abroad:—

PARIS The Galignani Library, 224 Rue de Rivoli.
" Librairie Goussier, 22 Rue de la Banque.
" Le Kiosque Michel, Boulevard des Capucines.
" Le Kiosque Duperron, Boulevard des Capucines.
BRUSSELS Kiosque 172 (Terminus) Rue St. Lazare.
BERLIN Messrs. G. Lebeque et Cie., 46 Rue de la Madeleine.
VIENNA W. H. Kuhl, Jägerstrasse 73.
BUDA-PESTH Messrs. Gerold & Co., 8 Stefansplatz.
ROME A. Lappert.
MADRID Messrs. Loescher & Co., Corso 307.
CONSTANTINOPLE Librairie Gutenberg, Plaza de Santa Ana 13.
HAMBURG Otto Kell, 457 Grande Rue de Péra.
CAIRO Schick's Library.
NEW YORK The Anglo-American Bookselling Depot.
BOSTON, MASS. (U.S.A.) The International News Company, 83 & 85 Duane St.
TORONTO, CANADA Messrs. Danrell & Upham, 213 Washington Street.
MONTREAL, CANADA The Toronto News Company, 42 Yonge Street.
" The Harold Wilson Company, 35 King Street West.
" The Montreal News Company, 386 St. James's Street.

THE HANFSTAENGL GALLERY, 16 PALL MALL EAST

(Nearly opposite the National Gallery).

Reproductions in Carbon Print, Photo-

gravure and Squarellgravure from the works of . . .

Old and Modern Masters,

comprising the Pictures in the . . .

NATIONAL & TATE GALLERIES

and many others of the

MOST IMPORTANT COLLECTIONS.

ART BOOKS AND ARTISTIC FRAMING.

Lists and Prospectuses Post Free. Illustrated Catalogues, 1s.

INSPECTION INVITED

THE "STANDARD" PEN "THE PRIZE WINNER IN FOUNTAIN PENS."

"THE AMERICAN STANDARD FOUNTAIN PEN," Warranted.

This Pen has a Substantial 14-carat Gold Nib in it.
Every Variety of Points to suit all writers.
Holder is of the best grade and finish.
The Ink Feed and Ink Supply absolutely reliable.
Fully Warranted in every particular.

Retail Price, 10/6,

In box complete. Fine, medium, or broad points.
But in order to demonstrate our quality we will send Sample
Pens to anyone

Post Free on receipt of 5/-

Money Returned if Pen is not what we say.

MAKERS—

**THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.
17 NICHOLAS STREET, BRISTOL.**

"THE INVINCIBLE FOUNTAIN PEN" is the same style, but with
a Cheaper Nib, at 2/6.

THE DUKE'S HEAD HOTEL, King's Lynn,
Norfolk. Situated in the centre of the Town, and in close proximity to
Sandringham and Hunstanton. Good fishing and shooting, and boating on the
river Ouse. Proprietor, SYDNEY AIREV

BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE READING ROOMS will be closed from
SATURDAY, September 1st, to WEDNESDAY, September 5th, inclusive,
and the PRINT ROOM from MONDAY, September 3rd, to SATURDAY,
September 29th, inclusive. E. MAUNDE THOMPSON,
British Museum, August 1900. Director and Principal Librarian.

LIBRARIES and Collections of Books purchased for
prompt cash in Town or Country. Valuations for Probate, &c.—MYERS
& Co., Booksellers' Row, Strand, London, W.C.

BOOKS.—HATCHARDS,

BOOKSELLERS TO THE QUEEN, 287 Piccadilly, W.—Libraries
entirely fitted up, Arranged, and Catalogued. All the New and Standard
Books, Bibles, Prayer-books, &c.—New Choice Bindings for Presents. Post
orders promptly executed. Usual cash discounts.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL & COLLEGE.

THE WINTER SESSION will BEGIN on MON-
DAY, October 1, 1900.

Students can reside in the College within the Hospital walls, subject to the
College regulations.

The Hospital contains a service of 750 beds. Scholarships and Prizes of the
aggregate value of nearly £900 are awarded annually.

The Medical School contains large Lecture Rooms and well-appointed Labora-
tories for Practical Teaching, as well as Dissecting Rooms, Museum, Library, &c.

The Amalgamated Clubs' Ground (20 acres) is at Winchmore Hill, within easy
reach of the Hospital.

For further particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the Warden of the
College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

A handbook forwarded on application.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—FULL COURSES
for MATRICULATED STUDENTS in Arts, Science, Engineering,
Medicine, and Theology at composition fees, or students may attend the separate
classes.

Preparations for all Examinations of the London University.

NEXT TERM commences THURSDAY, October 4.

There are a few vacancies for Resident Students.

For prospectuses and all information apply to the Secretary, King's College,
London, W.C.

WEST HEATH SCHOOL, HAM COMMON,
SURREY, S.W.—Miss BUCKLAND and Miss PERCIVAL have
transferred their School to Miss LAWRENCE and Miss MARGARET SKEAT
(Modern Languages Tripos, Cambridge), who will be happy to furnish full parti-
culars of the curriculum and to supply references.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY
for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR,
MARSEILLES, NAPLES, PORT SAID, and COLOMBO.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices:
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. } Fenchurch Avenue, London
For passage apply to the latter firm at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to
the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

P. & O. COMPANY'S INDIA, CHINA, AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICES.

P. & O. FREQUENT SAILINGS TO GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES,
MALTA, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, KURRACHEE,
CALCUTTA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA,
TASMANIA, and NEW ZEALAND.

P. & O. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS and ROUND THE WORLD
TOUR S. For Particulars apply at the London Offices, 123 Leaden-
hall Street, E.C., or 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

NATIONAL INDIAN ASSOCIATION

In Aid of Social Progress and Education in India.

Patroness: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THIS Association, which has several Branches in
India, was founded in 1871, with the following objects:—

1. To extend a knowledge of India in England, and an interest in the people
of that country.
2. To co-operate with efforts made in India for advancing education and social
reforms.
3. To promote friendly intercourse between English people and the people of
India.

The Committee (Chairman, SIR STEUART C. BAVLEY, K.C.S.I.) organise
Lectures on Indian subjects, and occasional Soirées, publish a Monthly Magazine,
and afford information and advice to Indians in England. They also make grants
from a Special Fund to the Branch Committees in India, for Scholarships, Training
of Teachers, Home Classes, &c., in encouragement of Education for Women.

The principle of non-interference with religion is strictly maintained.

Annual Subscription, One Guinea; Life-Membership payment, Ten Guineas.

The *Indian Magazine and Review* is supplied to Members, or can be obtained
for 3s. per annum, post free, from Mr. J. S. PHILLIPS, 121 Fleet Street, E.C.; or
Messrs. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co., 2 Whitehall Gardens, S.W.

Subscriptions and Donations to be paid to the LONDON and WESTMINSTER
BANK, 1 St. James's Square, S.W.; to STEPHEN N. FOX, Esq., Treasurer, New
University Club, S.W.; or to Miss E. A. MANNING, Hon. Sec., 5 Pembroke
Crescent, W.

H. SOTHERAN & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, AND PUBLISHERS.

GENERAL AGENTS FOR PRIVATE BOOKBUYERS AND PUBLIC
INSTITUTIONS IN INDIA, THE COLONIES, AMERICA,
AND ABROAD.

A Monthly Catalogue; Specimen Number post free.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED OR VALUED AND CATALOGUED
AND ARRANGED.

Telegraphic Address: "BOOKMEN, LONDON." Code: UNICODE.

140 STRAND, W.C., and 37 PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

Just published, cloth elegant, price 4s. 6d.

ATTEMPTS IN VERSE.

By CHARLES H. HOOLE,

Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

RIVINGTONS, 34 King Street, Covent Garden, London.

NOTABLE BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED BY T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

CRITICAL STUDIES. By **OUIDA**. 7s. 6d.

NEIGHBOURS: BEING ANNALS OF A DULL TOWN. Irish Stories. By **JULIA N. CROTTIE**. 6s.

PICTURES OF THE OLD FRENCH COURT. By **CATHERINE A. BEARNE**. Author of "The Lives and Times of the Early Valois Queens." 10s. 6d.

NORWAY. By **HJALMAR H. BOYESEN**. With a Chapter by **C. F. KEARY**. 5s. (Story of the Nations Series.)

TALES OF THE PAMPAS. By **W. BULFIN** (Che Buono). Cloth 2s., paper 1s. 6d. (Overseas Library.)

LITTLE INDABAS. By **J. MAC**. Cloth 2s., paper 1s. 6d. (Overseas Library.)

NEW EDITIONS.

THE WELSH PEOPLE. By **O. BRYNMOR JONES** and **JOHN RHYS**. 16s.

CHINA. With a chapter on recent events. By **PROFESSOR R. K. DOUGLAS**. 5s. (Story of the Nations Series.)

ROBERT ORANGE. By **JOHN OLIVER HOBBS**. 6s.

TRAMPING WITH TRAMPS. Studies and Sketches of Vagabond Life. By **JOSIAH FLYNT**. 6s.

ALLEN LORNE. A Novel dealing with Religion and Psychology. By **ALEXANDER MACDOUGALL**. 6s.

SIR STAMFORD RAFFLES. England in the Far East. By **HUGH E. EGERTON**. 5s. (Builders of Greater Britain Series.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A QUACK. By **S. WEIR MITCHELL**. Author of "Hugh W. June." 3s. 6d.

FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS. By **MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS**. 2s. 6d.

CRICKET. With an Introduction by Archdeacon Sinclair. 2s. 6d. (The Sports Library.)

NEW EDITIONS.

THE PEOPLES AND POLITICS OF THE FAR EAST. By **HENRY NORMAN, B.A.** 7s. 6d.

IN BIRDLAND WITH FIELD-GLASS AND CAMERA. By **OLIVER G. PIKE**. Illustrated from Photographs. 6s.

A PRELIMINARY LIST OF MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A HISTORY OF THE ISLE OF MAN. By **A. W. MOORE, M.A.**, Speaker of the House of Keys. With a New Map of the Island. In 2 vols. 32s.

IN THE ICE-WORLD OF HIMALAYA. By **FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN** and **W. H. WORKMAN**. 16s. (Fully illustrated.)

YANITY: THE CONFESSIONS OF A COURT MODISTE. By **RITA**. 6s.

THE DEVIL'S HALF ACRE. By **ALIEN**. 6s.

BLACK MARY. By **ALLAN McMAULAY**. 6s.

TRINITY BELLS. A Tale of Old New York. By **AMELIA E. BARR**. Illustrated. 6s.

HALF HOURS IN JAPAN. By **REV. HERBERT MOORE**. With over 70 Illustrations. 6s.

THE CANADIAN CONTINGENT (To South Africa). By **W. SANFORD EVANS**. Illustrated. 6s.

THE AMERICAN COLONIES (1625-1783). By **HELEN AINSLIE SMITH**. 5s. (Story of the Nations Series.)

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA (1783-1900). By **A. C. McLAUGHLIN**. 5s. per vol. (Story of the Nations Series.)

LANDLOPERS. By **J. LE GAY BRERETON**. 3s. 6d.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE. A Comedy in 3 Acts. By **JOHN OLIVER HOBBS**. 3s. 6d. net.

A LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA. By **BARRETT WENDELL**, Professor of English at Harvard College. 16s.

AMONG THE BERBERS OF ALGERIA. By **ANTHONY WILKIN**. 16s. Fully illustrated.

EDWARD BARRY: SOUTH SEA PEARLER. By **LOUIS BECKE**. 6s.

AMONG THE SYRINGAS. By **MARY E. MANN**. 6s. A sequel to "Looking Backward."

MY AFTERDREAM. By **JULIAN WEST**. 6s.

THE HANDY MAN AFLOAT AND ASHORE. By **REV. E. G. GOODENOUGH, R.N.** Fully illustrated. 6s.

THE JEW IN LONDON. With an introduction by **CANON BARNETT** and a preface by the **RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE, M.P.** With an important Map specially made for the volume. 6s.

THOMAS SYDENHAM. By **J. F. PAYNE**. 5s. (Masters of Medicine Series.)

ANDREAS VESALIUS. By **C. L. TAYLOR**. 5s. (Masters of Medicine Series.)

A THOROUGHbred MONGREL. By **STEPHEN TOWNSEND**. Profusely illustrated by J. A. Shepperd. 3s. 6d.

THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR. By **EDWARD LUMMIS**. 3s. 6d.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS. By **G. A. BEST**. With over 100 Illustrations. 6s.

TALES TOLD IN THE ZOO. By **F. CARRUTHERS GOULD** and **F. H. CARRUTHERS GOULD**. Illustrated by F. C. G. 6s.

OLD FATHER GANDER. With 16 plain and 16 coloured Illustrations. 6s.

BUBBLES: HIS BOOK. By **R. F. IRVINE**. Profusely illustrated in black and white, and colours. 3s. 6d.

IMAGINATIONS. By **TUDOR JENKS**. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

Printed for the Proprietors by **SPOTTISWOODE & Co.**, 5 New-street Square, E.C., and Published by **FREDERICK WILLIAM WILLY**, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of London.—Saturday, 25 August, 1900.